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EDITORIAL NOTICE:—The Editor cannot undertake to return rejected Communications. He must also decline to enter into correspondence with writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged. It is preferred that MSS. should be typewritten.

## NOTES OF THE WEEK

We wish someone would clear up the hopeless mud-dle into which the Press has plunged us with regard to the Armistice and the Peace. The Armistice signed on 11 November, was extended for the fourth time last Sunday, and every time it is extended General Foch very wisely adds some new conditions, necessitated by the obvious design of the Germans to escape the original terms, and perhaps to renew fighting in the East. This last addition of terms is called by the newspapers "a provisional armistice," which is to precede a "definitive armistice," which is to lead the way to a "preparatory peace," which is to prelude "a final peace." What is "a definitive armistice" may we ask? An armistice is only another word for a truce, or suspension of hostilities, on terms. We seem to be a long, long way from that final peace, which was promised to arrive in June.

Among the fourteen States which have been invited or allowed to sign the draft Convention or Covenant of the League of Nations are Czecho-Slovakia and Poland. Will anyone tell us what sort of a State is Czecho-Slovakia? Where does it begin or end? What are its boundaries? Who made it a State? We know, indeed, that within a week of the signing of the Armistice some enterprising persons hired houses in all the capitals of Europe and put out a brass-plate with the words Czecho-Slovakian Republic, in various languages. But is that sufficient to constitute a State? Czecho-Slovakia is a label for certain Slavs and Czechs who have severed themselves from Austria. But there are plenty of Slavs in Hungary and German-Austria: why are they to be shut out from the League of Nations?

What is Poland, whose name appears as one of the signatories? Does it include Silesia and Galicia? The main object of the League of Nations is to maintain peace in the future between all nations. The first step to that end should be to sign treaties of peace between all the belligerents, and then to determine what are to be the nations that will keep it. No peace has been signed, though Germany, Austria, Bulgaria, and Turkey are defeated belligerents, and America, England, France, Italy, and Serbia and Belgium are victorious belligerents. Nobody knows of what States

Europe is to be composed. The Germans do not seem to be in a peace-signing mood, and are behaving with their customary arrogance and folly. Count Brockdorff-Rantzau, the new Foreign Secretary, keeps on repeating that German Colonies must be restored, and that Germany must appear at the Peace Conference on equal terms with the other Powers.

All this, no doubt, is mere German bluff; or it may be "the lie in the soul," that mental falseness which is apparently incurable in the German nation. But would it not have been better to set about the German peace terms at once, so that we may all (including the Germans), know where we are, instead of drafting Covenants, and listening to edifying speeches on what Mr. Asquith calls "the enduring bond of human brotherhood"? On reading the beautiful homilies of Mr. Wilson and Lord Robert Cecil we can only say "*tout ça est bien dit; mais il y'a des longueurs*"; or, in more homely Saxon, "let us cut the cackle, and get to business." The Germans ought to be presented as soon as possible with the peace terms. One of the most impudent things the German Minister has said is that before Germany can restore Belgium and Northern France she must restore herself!

The nonsense which responsible and educated men talk and write about the German indemnity is amazing. Mr. Lloyd George puts the bill for the Allies at 24 thousand millions, added to which Germany has run up a domestic war loan of 8 thousand millions. The interest on 32 thousand millions at 5 per cent. is 16 hundred millions, which annual sum Germany is to find, besides the ordinary cost of running the State. Germany might pay in goods: but the greater part of her iron ore wealth is being taken by France, and if Silesia, or part of it, goes to Poland, the greater part of her coal wealth will disappear. There remain aniline dyes, potash, and beet sugar. Levinsteins, we imagine, would raise a pretty hubbub if we were to revert to our former importation of German dyes. And we fancy that our sugar interests would object to a large importation of beet. Potash is left, no doubt, and some other chemicals, but spelter, or smelted zinc, is barred.

The week before last we expressed the opinion that Mr. Churchill would be well advised to break up the large military camps in the south, as some of them

were hot-beds of discontent and Bolshevism. This brought us a furious letter from an officer, who accused us of libelling heroes, and who informed us that he had, in consequence, cut off his subscription to the SATURDAY REVIEW. We do not (except very rarely) write without warrant for our words, and we read in the last number of *The Herald* (a Labour organ of extreme views) that for nearly three weeks the Kempton Park Camp has been "on strike"; that at Battersea, Osterley Park, Woolwich, and Camberwell "the men are seething with discontent," and that for three weeks "various camps at Calais have been on strike." Amongst the points of the soldiers' charter, given by the same authority, is "recognition of soldiers' committees and delegates," which is, of course, pure Bolshevism. We don't know whether this will meet the eye of our irate correspondent. But if he is out for truth, he had better resume his consumption of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

The greatest happiness of the greatest number is believed to be the aim of democracy. We now have unlimited democracy: universal suffrage; a Crown reduced to a cipher; a House of Lords deprived of power; and yet no one would deny that the greatest misery of the greatest number has been the result. There never has been a time when so large a proportion of the inhabitants of these islands were so thoroughly unhappy and uncomfortable. A cold hearth, an empty larder, unwashed linen, scowling faces, overcrowded trains, these are thy fruits, democracy! It is no wonder that influenza, or malaria, has been raging round the world. People are suffering from cold, from hunger, from overcrowding and from under-washing.

The fusion of the two branches of the legal profession is a hardy annual at the Law Society, where it generally secures a majority. It is difficult to ascertain the opinions of the Bar, for the leaders are satisfied with things as they are, and the juniors are afraid of offending the leaders by supporting the change. There can be no doubt, we think, that the abolition of the distinction between solicitors and barristers, which does not exist in the Colonies and the United States, would diminish the efficiency, certainly the dignity, of the Bar. Excessive specialisation, though costly, does produce extra skill. But the question is whether, under the present stress and cost of living, a system can be maintained which dooms clever young men to spend the first ten years of their manhood in hanging about the Courts and chambers until they get briefs. The instances are many of great lawyers waiting until they were well over thirty for business—Camden and Lyndhurst occur to us. How many brilliant young men drift off into journalism or the City, because they can't or won't wait, it is impossible to calculate. Fusion would put the profession on a business basis.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier, who has died in his seventy-ninth year, was the best known of our Colonial politicians, and was a conspicuous figure at the Diamond Jubilee of Queen Victoria in 1897. With his clean-shaven face, mobile mouth, and large nose, he might have passed for a lawyer, a popular preacher, or an actor, and indeed, his resemblance to Sir Charles Wyndham was striking. He had conciliatory manners and a great gift of mellifluous oratory. But on looking back on his career, we find no act of Imperial statesmanship to entitle him to our gratitude. He led the Liberal Party in Canada into office in 1896 by attacking Sir John Macdonald's National Policy, and then turned Protectionist. He did indeed grant a preference to British goods.

The abandonment of their election pledges and the adoption of Protection by the Liberal Party in Canada was one of the most cynical pieces of tergiversation in Colonial politics. Later on, Sir Wilfrid Laurier in 1911 agreed to the reciprocity treaty with the United States, negotiated by Lord Bryce, which aroused such a storm in Canada that the Liberals were ejected from office. He opposed the contribution by Canada to the

Imperial Navy, and insisted that Canada should build whatever ships were necessary for her defence. He was opposed to Canada's participation in the Foreign policy of Great Britain, and only with reluctance agreed to the dispatch of a Canadian contingent to the South African War. He opposed conscription in the present war. In short, Sir Wilfrid Laurier had a provincial mind, and regarded Imperialism with cold disfavour. He was devoutly obedient to the Roman Catholic hierarchy in Quebec.

Eight shots were fired at M. Clemenceau on Wednesday as he was driving in his motor from his house to his office in Paris. The would-be assassin, a youth of eighteen, was seized, and M. Clemenceau returned home, and walked into his house, when a slight flesh wound in the shoulder was discovered. It is remarkable that Presidents of the Republics are more often attacked by assassins than crowned heads. King Edward was fired at by a Belgian anarchist, who missed, at Brussels station; but there has been no shooting at the Sovereign in this country for some sixty years, when a crazy boy named Connor fired a blank cartridge at Queen Victoria on Constitution Hill. Even a flesh wound is no joke at the age of seventy-eight. It is to be hoped that the French Premier will soon recover, both for his own sake, and because his robust commonsense is at present our only bulwark against the idealism of Mr. Wilson.

The statute of Anne, which compelled Ministers appointed to certain posts to vacate their seats and seek re-election, is not relevant to modern politics, because appointments are now made, not by the Crown, but by the Prime Minister. It is absurd to require the ratification by the constituents of a choice made by the Prime Minister, who is himself the chosen of the people. To compel Ministers appointed immediately after a General Election to seek re-election is worse than absurd; it is a waste of time and money. Moreover, there is this practical objection to the system, which was pointed out by Mr. Bonar Law, that it frequently prevents the appointment of the best man, because he may not have a safe seat. With characteristic love of compromise, the House has agreed with the Government to abrogate the re-election in cases where the Minister is appointed within nine months of a General Election.

Some earnest politicians in both Houses of Parliament have advocated the referendum as a corrective of, or rather as an alternative to, general elections. We commend to their attention the Miners' Ballot Paper, which is a referendum: "1. Application for 30 per cent. increase of wages. 2. Six hours day. 3. Full Maintenance at Trades' Union Rates of Wages for mine workers unemployed through demobilisation. 4. Nationalisation of Mines. The Government having failed to grant any of the above proposals—Are you in favour of a National Strike to secure them? Yes or No." Only that and nothing more. A bald enumeration of the miners' demands on the one hand: a bold lie about the Government's attitude on the other: no discussion: no explanation: a yes or no answer demanded. Consider the dangers of this method of settling national questions.

There are some twenty-four million electors of both sexes, of whom at the outside, two million pay income-tax. Suppose a Labour Government were to issue the following referendum or Ballot paper. "It is proposed to impose an income-tax of fifteen shillings in the pound on all incomes over £5,000 a year, of twelve shillings in the pound on all incomes over £2,000 a year, and of ten shillings in the pound on all incomes over £1,000 a year for the purpose of granting an allowance of £2 a week to all adult hand-workers as a contribution to household expenses and to enable them to live a more amusing life. The House of Commons having rejected this proposal, are you in favour of it? Please answer 'Yes or No.'" Does anyone doubt what answer the twenty-two millions would make, when offered the incomes of the



two millions to play with? Yet we are getting towards these methods of government, and the Miners' Ballot Paper is a sample.

Sir Robert Horne promptly addressed a letter to Mr. Smillie, in which he points out the danger and unfairness of issuing a ballot paper, which does not state what the Government has offered, but implies that the miners' demands have been merely refused. The Government has offered an immediate advance of six shillings a week in wages, and added that, should this amount be proved insufficient to meet the increase in cost of living since the last advance, it is prepared to consider the matter again, or refer it to an independent tribunal. With regard to the hours of labour, and the nationalisation of the mines, Sir Robert Horne points out that these are vast questions affecting the industry of all classes, and the existence of the nation, which cannot be decided without investigation of all the facts. The miners, of course, regard the matter from a purely selfish point of view, as if they were the whole community.

The miners will receive Mr. Smillie's ballot papers, but we fear they will not be allowed to read Sir Robert Horne's admirable letter. Mr. Smillie is a dangerous and unscrupulous man, and what is a Labour Minister to do when he has to deal with a class of men, who will not keep their bargains from month to month, who suppress facts, and who make every concession a stepping-stone to another demand? The National Democratic and Labour Party has also issued a counterblast to Mr. Smillie, and it is only fair to the Trade Union leaders to say that they are opposed to a class war which they see can only lead to national bankruptcy. If all the nations of the world would agree to identical hours and wages of labour, they might be made anything you like, six or five or three hours a day for three days a week at five pounds a day. Most of us, it is true, would have to become troglodytes, and live in caves, clothed in skins, but the miners and their families might inhabit Raby, Chatsworth, and Alnwick. Everything would then be for the best in this best of all possible worlds.

But if the miners don't know it, Mr. Smillie must surely know that this miners' paradise can never be realised here on earth by reason of a few simple facts. England and Scotland are not the only countries that produce coal, nor is coal the only possible fuel. There are such people as Germans, Poles, Austrians, Russians, Japanese and Americans, and there is more coal in Silesia than in the United Kingdom. There is also coal in Canada and Japan and Australia, and there are people who believe in oil as fuel. If the English and Scottish miners make the cost of their coal prohibitive, as compared with competing sources, it will not be used, and instead of a fuller life they will get an empty belly. The national loss would be enormous; there would be a financial crash; everybody would be ruined; but nature (i.e. economic fact) "red in tooth and claw," cares not a jot for individuals.

It is a well-worn trick in journalism to prepare an attack on a Minister by defending him from an imaginary assault, or by denying that something which no one had thought of is intended. When therefore we read in certain organs that "it is quite incorrect to say that Sir Robert Horne is about to resign"; or "there is no foundation for the rumour that the Prime Minister has proposed to transfer Sir Robert Horne to another post"; or "there are no grounds for the assertion that the Minister of Labour, being a lawyer, is out of sympathy with the shop stewards;" we can hear the rattle of the Fleet Street guns being got into position for a bombardment of Whitehall Gardens. Sir Robert Horne has been but a few months in the most difficult post in the Government; he has acted with promptitude, courage, and tact; he is assisted by the great ability and industry of one or two men around him, and we hope he will laugh at the Press.

The quarrel between Lord Northcliffe and the Prime Minister, must now be regarded as complete, for the Press Lord denounces the Prime Minister in his new illustrated paper as a reed shaken by the wind, as a man who is dependent on the opinions of others, and who allows himself to be dictated to by the Press! Seeing that Mr. Lloyd George has made Lord Northcliffe a Privy Councillor and a Viscount, that he offered him a place in his government as Chief of the Air Force, and that he created him Director of Propaganda, and seeing finally that obedience to the Northcliffe press has been his most obvious weakness, these reproaches from his former friend seem to savour of ingratitude. But does not the *souteneur* always beat the lady on whose beauty he has lived?

The Ministry of Labour has done many good things in dealing with a difficult situation, and its proposal to summon a general conference, a sort of industrial parliament, in which the different industries may realise the solidarity or interdependence of all trades, is excellent. But the Labour Ministry has done one bad thing: it has prolonged and increased the demoralisation following on all big wars by its unemployment donations. If these unemployment donations had been strictly confined to demobilised soldiers and dismissed munition workers, they would have been, perhaps, justifiable. But in Ireland certainly, and we fear in England and Scotland, they have been given to all out-of-works of both sexes, and have actually caused men and women to throw up jobs in order to live on the State in idleness for thirteen weeks. The number of drunken women loafing about London and the suburbs in company with soldiers, and laughing at the idea of returning to laundry work or domestic service is shocking. Sir John Butcher, M.P., in a letter to *The Times*, has drawn a painful picture of the demoralisation in Ireland, and the consequent shortage of farm labourers and domestic servants.

There has been an interesting debate on industrial unrest in the House of Lords, during which the Lord Chancellor hit off several aspects of the situation in happy phrases. Thus, he spoke of the Labour Extremists as men "gravely tainted with the hysteria of revolution," and remarked that since the war "the nation had been living on its capital and seemed to like it." That is just the mischief. The working-classes saw that six or seven millions a day were being spent on the war, and they cannot or will not see why the nation or the Government should not go on finding the same sums for them to play with. They refuse to understand that these sums were raised by loans, and extraordinary taxes. With regard to strikes, the Lord Chancellor truly said that no strike can, in the long run, succeed without "the support of the great silent majority of the public."

We agree with Lord Islington that the Trade Unions should be incorporated, like joint stock companies, and friendly societies, with a common seal, and directorate, and thus capable of suing and being sued. That would get over the worst defects of the Trades Disputes Act, and would give the trade union officials power over their members. Both Lord Buckmaster and Lord Lansdowne alluded to the large fortunes made out of the war by contractors and ship-owners as one of the exciting causes of industrial discontent. Fortunes always have been, and always will be made out of wars, because new and enormous demands for material arise, which must be met at any cost. The spectacle of these war fortunes—has not the army contractor become historical as a robber?—are quite as exasperating to the landowners and rentiers, out of whose pockets the taxes have come, as they are to the handworkers. The real trouble seems to be that the moment when economy and increased production are vital to our recovery is chosen by everybody to demand a better life, i.e., more money for less work. But the first thing to do is to get a statement of assets and liabilities. Seriously, how do we propose to get an indemnity from Germany?

## SORTS OF SOCIALISM.

THE word "Socialism" is used by all sorts and conditions of men, generally with the vaguest notion of its meaning. If the person using the word has goods laid up, he expresses fear or disapproval. If he is a Labour member or agitator, or merely one of the new upper class, rich without responsibilities, he uses Socialism to indicate some future and better system at which all men ought to aim. But both in its dyslogistic and eulogistic uses Socialism is a vague term. The thing Socialism is as old as society itself, though the term is modern. Socialism means the concentration of all legislative, executive, and administrative power and all property (as far as possible) in one person or body. It consequently means the extinction of the individual, so far as the possession of property and the exercise of power are concerned: under perfect Socialism the individual becomes a tool, an instrument, or, let us say, a grown-up child, well dressed and drilled, and fed, but without will, or initiative, or hope. In ancient societies Socialism took the form of an emperor or absolute monarch. The system of government at Rome, at all events till the reign of Hadrian, was Socialism. In France Louis XIV. realised Socialism, and expressed it by saying, "The State is Me." The first French Revolution in 1789 was the uprising of the individual against Socialism. The Frenchman was determined to be somebody; and through the whole of the nineteenth century, both on the Continent and in Britain, individualism was the prevalent political theory and practice. Excessive individualism, with its consequence of the accumulation of vast wealth in the hands of a few, has produced the inevitable reaction. Socialism is the order of the day, but the centre in whose hands power and wealth are to be vested is no longer an Augustus or a Louis, but some popular body, a Parliament, or a Cabinet, or a body of officials, either bureaucrats or trade-unionists. Of modern Socialism there are to be distinguished three kinds:—1. Collectivism, or State Socialism, is a system in which the State, i.e., the Executive Government of a popularly elected Parliament, with a huge administrative staff, is to own and manage all the staple or key industries of the kingdom, mines, breweries, ship-building and ship-owning, railways, textile industries, engineering works, electric power and water companies, etc. As all these industries are now owned and managed by individuals, the State would expropriate them, giving them State bonds or scrip bearing interest, and appointing as directors or managers Government officials. All the employees, colliers, railway drivers, porters, and guards, riveters, boilermakers, etc., would become the servants of the State. This is the form of Socialism most popular, and advocated by Mr. Sidney Webb and the Fabian doctors. 2. The second form of Socialism, now advancing in favour with the Labour party is Syndicalism, or ownership and management of national industries, not by the State, but by the particular groups of hand-workers employed. Thus the coal mines and the railways would be bought from their present proprietors and managed by the Coal Syndicate and the Railway Syndicate, composed of the colliers who now hew coal and the drivers and guards who now work the railways; and so on with the other industries. The capital necessary for the purchase of the various undertakings and their running would be advanced by the State, but the State would not manage, although, as the banker, it might be allowed to nominate a director on the board. The employees who now work in the mines and on the railways and docks, etc., are quite confident that, given the capital, they could manage their concerns quite as well as the present directors and managers. What is known as Guild Socialism seems to be Syndicalism under another name: that is, the State is to find the money, and the Guild, or Craft, or Trade Union, is to supply the directorate. 3. Bolshevism is quite seriously believed in by a number of working-men, those whom the Lord Chancellor described as "gravely tainted with the hysteria of revolution." It was explained at Berne by the chief of the Swiss Bolsheviks to be a kind of aristo-

cratic or autocratic Socialism. As the majority of the proletariat are stupid and cowardly, the few who are brave and clever must secure supreme power by force; that is to say, they must clear out the propertied and privileged class and the respectable middle class, the "boorjoos," and even the law-abiding hand-workers, by murder and confiscation, if necessary. If the people who have anything can be bluffed into handing over power and cash into the hands of the Bolsheviks, so much the better: it will save trouble. But if not, they must be removed by Sheffield or Chinese knives. When the Bolsheviks are in power, all the world, those, that is, who have not had their throats cut, will be so charmed with the Bolshevik government that they will support it for ever afterwards. Such is the explanation of the system given to Mr. Lansbury at Berne by the chief of the Swiss Bolsheviks: and as Mr. Arthur Henderson has declared himself to be in favour of "Bolshevism without bloodshed," we must assume that a form of government by a self-appointed group of autocrats from the scum of society is really approved by certain circles in the Labour world. Amongst the barbarous peoples of Turanian race in Eastern Europe Bolshevism is likely to flourish, we fear, for many years to come.

The objection, and it is a grave one, to the first and second kinds of Socialism, Collectivism and Syndicalism, is that both are vast economic experiments to be tried at the expense of the State. If the experiment fails, the cost will have to be met by the State. What, or, rather, who is the State? On examination it will appear that the State means two things. The State which is to negotiate the purchase and in the case of Collectivism to manage the industries is the Government of the popularly-elected Parliament with its army of permanent officials. But the State which is to find the money, that is, to pay any losses that may be made, which is to meet any deficiency in the interest on the bonds or scrip issued as purchase is the class which pays income-tax. There are 30 million adults in Great Britain and Ireland, of whom about two millions pay income-tax and excess profits duty, which now supply more than three-fourths of the revenue. Therefore these experiments for the benefit of the hand-workers are to be made entirely at the risk of one-fifteenth of the population, who are to be debarred from the management. If any system of taxation can be desired by which the risks or losses of State Socialism can be divided amongst the 30 million adults, there may be something to be said for the experiment. Although apart from the financial aspect of the question, we are of opinion that the extinction of individual enterprise leads to stagnation and ultimately to decadence. The individual is everything; the masses nothing, except as composed of strong, adventurous, and self-regarding individuals.

## "SINN FEINISM" IN SOUTH AFRICA.

THE news that General De Wet, of the Free State and Mr. Pieter Grobler, of the Transvaal, have been refused passports to Paris by the Union Government, and that the crew of "The Durham Castle" refused to take General Hertzog as a passenger draws attention to a grave state of affairs in South Africa, where Republican propaganda is once more in full blast.

Thus far responsible statesmen have vainly appealed for unity in the interests of all. As Prime Minister, General Botha denounced "this demon of intrigue," and "the unruly passions of those who think that something is to be gained by sowing discord and exciting strife."

Racial feeling runs high. There is Republican propaganda in the Boer schools, such as Mr. Burton, the Minister of Railways, characterises as "a serious menace to our happiness in South Africa." Last year Messrs. Tielman Roos and Poutsma issued "a manifesto of the National Party," quoting Great Britain's reply to the German Peace-note. This dealt with the "violated rights and liberties, recognition of the principle of nationality, and the free existence of small



States." There was also an ardent pro-German press. Thus the *Ons Vaderland* of Pretoria, called upon "fellow Afrikaners" to denounce the Botha Government for "taking away the colonies of a nation with which we are friends."

Beyond question, the Republican sentiment is gaining ground, as figures showed in the Provincial Council elections of 1917. Lord Milner's appointment as Colonial Secretary added fuel to the Nationalist flame, and the Bloemfontein Congress nominated delegates to put the Boer cause before President Wilson in Paris.

All the old enmities are now revived; and incendiary speeches were lately made at the Women's Concentration Camp Memorial, where ex-President Steyn is buried. The leader of this movement is always General Hertzog. "The question is," this irreconcilable put it to the National Congress, "are we to be free, or to continue in our present servitude?"

To all this vapouring the Prime Minister responds with well-weighed counsel and appeal. "After the Boer War," General Botha said, when dealing with Nationalist excitement, "we almost despaired in our sorrow and mourning. But to-day, who could regard South Africa as an oppressed land?" Yet already there was talk of raising commandoes for a civil war.

The poor Dutch whites are now worked upon and their forlorn condition traced to "British perfidy and greed." Independence resolutions are passed, and passages quoted from the speeches of President Wilson and Mr. Lloyd George to show that racial self-determination is everywhere the order of our restive day. This new upheaval, especially in the country districts, dates from the abortive rebellion of 1914. Emotion was soon running so high that Hertzog himself was assaulted on the Parliament steps at Cape Town.

At National meetings, the British flag was ostentatiously hauled down, and the "Vierkleur" hoisted in its place. Then the *Volkslied* was sung in place of the National Anthem—even in Parliament during the formidable German offensive of last spring. Yet the same Hertzog professed effusive loyalty, when self-government was restored to the four colonies by Campbell-Bannerman's Ministry.

"I bow in reverence," the Boer leader said, "to the wisdom of British statesmen. I use no idle words when I say that their deeds have for ever bound the hearts of our people to the British Empire." But soon Hertzog was claiming the right to agitate for independence in "constitutional" ways. He complained of undue economic pressure, of taxes and warlevies; of the internment of aliens, the Government refusal of amnesty to Boer rebels, and the restrictions upon wool-sales—though Britain took the entire South African clip, at a price which left large profits to the farmer.

The orgy of small nations in Paris gave sudden impetus to these Boer claims. "Dragged against our will," Hertzog cries at meetings, "into all Great Britain's wars, we dare not decide in what cause our blood shall be shed, or our money lavished." Complete freedom is now boldly urged, with none but a purely formal membership of Britain's family, a shadowy allegiance to the King and a fanatical cleaving to Dutch ways and language.

The Boer does not accept Britain's liberal policy towards the black men of South Africa. To the Dutch farmer, they are *schepsels*, or soulless helots, no better than beasts of the field. On no account, he contends, should they be educated, let alone enfranchised, or given any approach to equality with the whites. In fact, just before the Great War broke upon us, a Boer law was passed which made the native squatters on the land no better than serfs bound to the soil.

Altogether the situation calls for a strong hand, and tactful statesmanship, if the fusion of the two white races is to become a political fact. Calling a halt to the Hertzog tactics, General Botha recently extolled South Africa as a land of promise and prosperity. "Here the two races must stand together on a footing of absolute equality. Our future is assured, given trust and confidence, with frank goodwill on both sides."

## A PRESENT OF PELMANISM.

NOT for five guineas, nor for five shillings, but for sixpence, the price of *THE SATURDAY REVIEW*, we propose to present our readers with the essence of Pelmanism. Owing to the limit of space, we can do no more than give the essence or quintessence of the thing, but then the price is so modest! There are 210 sixpences in five guineas: and as Pelman tells us he has always on his books some 400,000 subscribers, we ought to sell at least 210 times 400,000 copies of this REVIEW.

How to be healthy, wealthy, and wise is the problem which Pelmanism solves for five guineas. On examination it boils down to the old precept, *mens sana in corpore sano*; the healthy mind in the healthy body. Pelmanism is therefore divided into (i) mental (ii) bodily exercises. (i) We quote the essential mental exercises from the Pelman pamphlet.

"The use of pen and pencil in recording observations is an excellent training in both speed and accuracy. The next time you visit a friend's house, or the room of any building to which you are a stranger, or even the inside of a shop where you make a purchase, take two glances round the room, and when you get home take four sheets of paper and draw what you can remember of the pictures on the walls. On a fifth sheet put down the position of the furniture of the room, and indicate the number of tables, chairs, and other articles. . . . Ask someone to read aloud to you a number of proper names, those in a directory will do. After he has read six of them repeat them after him. Then try six more, and then another six. . . . Take a walk in the country and, sitting down, listen to the sounds you can hear. From what direction do they come? How many are there and what is the difference between them? Afterwards, when reading nature descriptions, compare your knowledge of sounds with that of the author. There are some suggestive details in R. L. Stevenson's 'Travels with a Donkey.' To be sure there are! (ii) So much for the mind: now for the body. 'Before you get up, and while you still lie in bed, stretch out your right hand and arm up in front of you. Then, if there is room' (does this mean, if you are a bachelor or a spinster?) 'send it to your side, so that it is in a straight line with your shoulder. Have the fingers well apart, as if you were striking an octave, and have them bent well back, the exact opposite of the grasping habit.' Then do the same with your left hand and arm, 'then do it three times with the two hands and arms together. . . . Lying on your back, as before, and having your two hands over your abdomen, as in the first lesson, go through the abdominal breathing as described in the first lesson. Now, as a change, begin as before; that is to say, as you inhale, send your abdomen up and out; but instead of exhaling, move the abdomen up and down a few times. . . . Get out of bed now, and, if you like, go through the skin drill, but whether you do this or not, practise hopping or skipping exercises without a rope. Keep your chin in and the small of your back hollow. Have your hands relaxed, and as limp as possible, not gripped. Have your feet pointing straight forward—not turned out; and have your feet also comfortably apart—about six inches apart would do to start with. While you hop on the left foot, of course on the ball of the foot, not coming down on the heel—send your right leg straight out in front of you, with the toes as far away from you as they will go, and the knee well back. Hop a few times on this foot, and then hop on the other foot, sending the left leg and foot out and down in the same way. . . . Hop a few times on the left leg. Then hop on the right. . . . During the hopping it is most important to keep your chin in, and the small of your back hollow. . . . Now comes a very hard practice. Stand with your feet about six inches apart, as before, close your eyes for a moment, and imagine the action of skipping. Imagine yourself to be skipping, but do not move. Recall both the movements and the muscular sensations."

The above quotations are taken from Lesson 2 in

the Pelmanite course: we believe there are 12 Lessons. But we shall be much surprised if the other 11 Lessons are more than an expansion or repetition of that quoted above. That 400,000 persons should pay five guineas for this kind of instruction does not surprise us. Give us £5,000 a week to spend in advertising, and we will undertake to make five million people eat, drink, wear, or believe anything you like, provided it is harmless. But we cannot help harking back to the distinguished men who have written "glowing tributes" to the virtues of Pelmanism. They are, if we remember right, Lord Beresford, Sir Robert Baden Powell, Sir O'Moore Creagh, Sir Arthur Quiller Couch, and Sir William Robertson Nicoll. Let us take the last gentleman, partly because he is of our own craft, being the Editor of *The British Weekly*, and partly because he is the author of (amongst many other books) 'The Lamb of God,' 'The Key of the Grave,' 'The Return to the Cross,' 'The Church's One Foundation' and 'My Father.' The author of so many saintly works must be a man of scrupulous veracity, whose "Yea" or "Nay" would outweigh the oaths of other men. We ask Sir William Robertson Nicoll two plain questions, which we think he ought to answer, for his own sake and that of the public:—

1. Was he paid for his testimonial, or "glowing tribute," to Pelmanism?
2. Has he himself gone through a course of Pelmanism?

If Sir William Robertson Nicoll has really gone through the mental and physical exercises described above, if he has spent his mornings in arm-waving and stomach-heaving and hopping, he has earned, in our opinion, a very fat cheque. But if he has not done so, does he not see that he is lending a reverend name to assist an enterprising advertiser in getting money from the public?

#### THE POSTMASTER AS CENSOR.

IT really comes to this: Are postmen to be irretrievably the arbiters of decency in art? Artists are waiting with feebly restrained indignation to see what is going to be done about the seizure and destruction of a batch of etchings by Felicien Rops, at the hands of the G.P.O. These etchings, consigned by registered post to certain London dealers, were in the ordinary course of business opened, examined, condemned as obscene, and, so they say, destroyed. The Postmaster General's powers in such a performance are apparently constitutional; by section 17 of his regulations he informs all and sundry that, if he intercepts indecent matter in the post, he will properly and in due course destroy it. Acting on this established power, he dealt faithfully, according to his lights, with valuable prints by the distinguished artist Rops. Now what is to be done about it?

Artists, of course, jealous for the reputation of their craft, are demanding someone's blood. With flushed faces and voices primed with their old scorn of the philistine bureaucracy, they put it to you, how monstrous, how English, how beastly it is that some stamp-licking wretch, with a nonconformist mind, should dare to pronounce on the morality of art. Checked by a question, they allow that this low-minded fellow is probably just the man to deal with pornographic literature and postcards; but, they add, the horrible thing is that he should not recognise and respect the distinction that Art (large A) is not to be judged by his standards. There is one law for vilely done and inartistic nudes, and another for beautifully drawn and masterly etched work. Fine technique and an artist's vision transmute what would be pornographic, were it badly done, into art, railed round and sacrosanct. Moreover, our artists conclude, etchings by great masters are not for the base mob; their costliness ensures their passage to the cabinets of connoisseurs or the privacy of rich men's chambers.

Now what, on the other hand, is likely to be the defence put up by the Postmaster General? He will probably take the plain, blunt man's position, assert-

ing that he can "spot" indecency, under whatever disguise. He will say, perhaps, that he, thank God, is free from sophistry and intellectual snobism; that you cannot throw dust in his eyes and blind him to the fact that obscenity is obscenity all the world over. Warming to his thesis, he will, as they say, shake hands with himself because he is plain and blunt and fearless enough to denounce vice, wherever and however he sees it. He will proudly confess he does not care a rap whether pornography is labelled postcards or expensive etchings; it's all one to him, and let the country, the bishops and the nonconformists, thank their stars that he is not afraid to do his duty. The young man, or the young lady, who opened this parcel of etchings at the G.P.O., may very possibly live at Tooting, and very likely has never heard of Rops. Indeed, if it comes to that, the Postmaster may admit that he himself was not clear who Rops was, nor whether the condemned prints were pen-and-ink or engravings. But that is not the question; he is there to stop the importation of indecent matter, and he agreed with the young lady who brought the unpleasant bundle to his notice that the contents were most embarrassingly objectionable.

The independent man in the street may take another view, acknowledging at once his ignorance of art. He will probably postulate that some kind of Post Office censorship is needed to check the importation of pornography. He will confess that the argument that fine craftsmanship makes all the difference, supposing the intention of the postcard artist and the etcher was identical, is rather beyond him. He, indeed, would have thought that, given this identity of intention, the distinguished artist's offence was the greater, since he ought to have known better. Nor will he encourage the contention that indecency designed for those of higher station and as a pastime of the great, should be more leniently regarded than the cruder, cheaper stuff intended for young shop assistants. But while making these reservations, these concessions to the G.P.O.'s point of view, the ordinary man will feel uneasy. With a fairly shrewd judgment of the type of mind shared by most aldermen, parsons, L.C.C. members, censors, cabinet ministers and M.P.'s, he would wonder whether the Postmaster General should be unreservedly trusted to discriminate between pornography and pictures of naked women. He would remember that Watts's 'Love and Life' was at one time banned (in America), and that Manet's 'Olympia,' not to mention Degas's nude studies, is distrusted by that sort of mind. Remembering these classic instances, he would gravely doubt if these powers of summary destruction, used by the G.P.O. under section 17, were wisely conferred.

We need not go into the cardinal question of where lies the difference between obscenity in art and wholesome frankness, though we may express dissent from the view that the only difference is craftsmanship. For the distinguishing cause resides in the intention. We are concerned with this particular action of the G.P.O. only as it affects the whole principle. Nor are we passing judgment on the Rops etchings, which we have not seen. The point at issue is the same, whether these etchings are decent, semi-decent, or downright obscene. Nor, in these democratic times, dare we support the artists' possible contention that expensive entertainment for the few should be treated differently from cheap fare provided for the poor. But we are positive that the present position is evil. For the absolute power of doing irretrievable harm conferred on the Postmaster General is open to grave abuse, none the less fatal because he is animated by the best intentions. We would never stake our all on his inability to make egregious blunders by confusing the naked (or, as he would say, the nude) in art with the indecent. If he was right on nine occasions, he might fail appallingly on the tenth. His power of destruction should be subject to appeal and arbitration; there should be no possibility of irretrievable, secret action, inspired by prurience, no loop-hole for queer transactions. For what, may we inquire, under the present in camera system, would infallibly ensure



that now and then some "destroyed" "indecent" print would not quietly become the perquisite of a discerning or salacious post office official? Rops has been the victim in this present case; it might have been Rembrandt.

### VIOLIN VIRTUOSITY AND STRAVINSKY STRINGS.

A NEW violin prodigy was, before the war, one of the most frequent and regular of the phenomena appearing in our musical firmament. Of late no visitor of the kind has come within our field of vision—or hearing—for the reason, perhaps, that the great Continental teachers have either had to stop work or (like Professor Auer, for instance) emigrate to America. Not being very partial to prodigies, we cannot pretend to be sorry; for their interest, after all, is seldom more enduring than the momentary attraction created by comets and meteors. They are wonderful as youngsters, but when they grow up they rarely develop into great artists. Joachim and Wieniawski were exceptions to the rule; and another to-day is Mischa Elman; while yet another is the Hungarian boy, Franz Veczey, who was growing into a magnificent fiddler when his arm was injured by a bursting shell a year or two ago. But there have been many examples of prodigious juvenile talent where the development has somehow stopped suddenly, perhaps owing to the excessive strain induced by hard early training or constant playing in public during boyhood; or sometimes even the deleterious effect of adulation and applause upon the precocious artistic mind. For this reason we are glad when the parents or the teachers of one of these youthful geniuses show sufficient patience and good sense to withhold their "wonder-child" from the public gaze until the puberal age is well past and the course of technical training has been practically completed. The newcomer is then entitled to challenge criticism as an artist, purely on his merits, without comparisons and without reference to early promise or previous achievements.

These reflections are suggested by the recent début of Joseph Coleman at a so-called recital given with orchestra at Queen's Hall, in course of which he played violin concertos by Paganini and Mendelssohn and the no less familiar Adagio and Fugue in G minor by Bach. There can be no question as to the talent of this youth of fifteen, who, though born in Odessa and studying at the Berlin Hochschule (under the auspices of the Mendelssohn family) when the war broke out, has received the best part of his musical education in London. Our only doubt, after listening to him carefully, is whether Joseph Coleman might not with advantage have been kept back a little longer before undergoing his first public test. It will have done him good, no doubt, but he was not quite ripe for it. His style, if refined and admirably neat, does not make up by individuality or charm for what it lacks in breadth; in a word, it is still immature. But the promise of better things is there. His tone is exceedingly pure and musical, his phrasing graceful, his intonation remarkably true, and his technique, on the whole, well beyond the average for a lad of his years. The showy difficulties of the Paganini piece were surmounted with comparative ease; the performance of the Mendelssohn was fluent and clever enough to afford pleasure. It was in his Bach that he showed himself still the boy: it was wanting at one moment in tenderness, at another in robust rhythmical vigour; while the *tempo* as a rule was too slow, too rigid and unelastic. He has a free bowing arm, though he holds his violin better than he holds himself, and his habit of swaying and bending forward is apt to become monotonous. For all his youthful faults, which time and further study will easily remove, a bright future may safely be predicted for Joseph Coleman. He has great natural gifts and has so far trodden the right path.

Fearfully and wonderfully made are the three pieces by Stravinsky, which were played by the Philharmonic String Quartet for the first time in this country at Wigmore Hall on the 13th inst. They were written in 1914 and belong, therefore, to the latest curiosities in

the output of the Russian futurist. "He is," we are told, "more and more freeing himself from the trammels of system of any description"; he has had recourse to chamber music merely "as an opportunity to work out the acoustic possibilities of a certain family of musical instruments." And he has thereby revealed his limitations. So long as he had the whole orchestra to manipulate and play upon at his sweet will, Stravinsky could dazzle, perturb, excite, bewilder, and obfuscate by turns, until finally he overwhelmed his auditors with an Armageddon of sound which stretched them at his feet. The violin "family," great and small, is not extensive or noisy enough to enable him to accomplish with it results similar either in nature or calibre. In his handling of this restricted medium he succeeds in torturing the ear (and incidentally his art) without achieving what can at first hearing be regarded as a remote approach to recognisable, much less graphic, illustration of the "programme" which he has thoughtfully provided for each of these three movements. His annotator observes that "he has affixed no programmes or titles to his pieces, and wishes them to be listened to abstractedly" (*sic*); nevertheless, there they are, printed on a separate sheet and issued officially with the bill of the play. We cannot escape from such suggestions if we would, even though they be valueless as a key to the meaning and the mystery of these grotesque monstrosities. The one thing to be said in their favour is that they are short; and their performance (to be repeated) by the members of the Philharmonic Quartet amounted to a triumph of skill and industry. Pity that their efforts should have been wasted on such stuff. What a contrast to the wholly delightful "Irish Elegy" by Mr. Arnold Bax and the fine quartet by Mr. York Bowen between which it was sandwiched!

The number of our women pianists is not less astonishing than their talent and their perseverance. We never remember so many "on active service" before. Scarcely a day passes without its pianoforte recital; and among the most interesting given lately we would signalise (as the French say) that of Miss Myra Hess and the Chopin schemes of Miss Gertrude Peppercorn and Miss Katharine Goodson. Each in turn delivered her individual message.

### FROM BATH TO WELLS.

(By a Correspondent.)

AT Bath I read again the history of the loves of Lady Dumbello and Mr. Plantagenet Palliser, and the life and death of Mrs. Proudie at Barchester. Other true records sent me one day to Wells. In a print shop I came across a Dutch print of the Coronation of King William and Queen Mary, with an ecclesiastic on each side of the monarchs. The learned shopman told me that one of these Bishops was the Bishop of Bath and Wells, who with the Bishop of Durham, supports the Sovereign during the ceremony. The origin of this right is said to date from the reign of Richard I. The present Bishop made his claim before the Lords Commissioners of Coronation Claims on the accession of Edward VII, and it was duly allowed.

Many roads lead to Wells—you may go by Glastonbury, and through the Glaston Twelve Hides to Wells Forum: by Cheddar: and by the Mendips. At Glastonbury you pass the Abbey, the Abbots' Kitchen, the Inn which was the Pilgrim's Inn, the Tribunal which was the Abbey Court House, and the Tor where the last Abbot was put to death under Henry VIII.

The way by Cheddar runs close by Wedmore, where Alfred the Great made peace with the Danes. To commemorate the millenary of this peace, there is a memorial in the church on which appear the names of King Alfred the Great, King Edward VII, and the Donor. He was a loyal and Tory member of Parliament. There is also a loyal window from which secular rulers look down on devout agriculturists. Queen Elizabeth is there in ruff and stomacher. King Edward and Queen Alexandra are portrayed as at a State Ball in Buckingham Palace. The trousers of the King are of an Imperial purple. In another window there is a

Holy Family, the faces being taken from another family well-known in Wedmore.

The road over the Mendips is the road the Romans used. Here you pass the lead mines in which they worked, and which are still being worked. From "Mendips' Sunless Caves" they sent the lead to a port in the Bristol Channel; and to Bath, where in the Corporation Baths their pipes still exist.

In these days of Democracy, the political status of Wells has sadly changed. Its halycon days were when it returned two members of Parliament—at one time the Chief Whip of one party and the son of the Chief Whip of another party sat together—and Tide-waiterships, posts in the Customs House, Clerkships in the Post Office, Government Messengerships, poured in a main. One half of the population lived on the charities of departed ecclesiastics; the other half was supported by the taxpayer. The City was divided into two parts; the Liberty of St. Andrew and the Town or Borough. The town again was divided into four districts called Verderies, with constables who acted as police. Their origin was from the Forest of Mendip, where they kept the Assize of the Forest for the Bishop. A similar office exists, or did exist, at Windsor.

The chief glories of Wells have been dealt with by Freeman and other historians. They are the Cathedral, the Palace, the Chapter House, The Vicar's Close, and the Library with its books and book chains. We will examine only matters of minor historical interest. The Vicar's Close belongs to the College of Vicars Choral. Once a Vicar Choral, always a Vicar Choral, and one of them is reputed to have sung in the Cathedral during the reigns of four Sovereigns. Near the Close is another property with an unusual tenure; this is called "The Bishop's Rib" and is in the Bishop's special gift for non-resident Canons. Inside the Cathedral is the famous clock of Peter Lightfoot, a monk of Glastonbury. It was constructed early in the fourteenth century. The mounted knights still revolve round and round, and a sitting figure called "Jack Bladiver" still strikes the quarters with his heels. Not far from the clock is a graven effigy of Bishop Beckington, and his rebus "A Beacon on a Tun" is found on Penniless Porch, where alms were distributed to the poor. The Mayor and Corporation used to attend every year at his Chantry to pray for the soul of such a benefactor; for he not only added to the Close, but supplied the citizens with a public conduit and a fountain. Among the monuments in the Cloisters is one to Elizabeth Ann Linley, the wife of Richard Brinsley Sheridan. In her handwriting were the facts for Sheridan's great speech at the trial of Warren Hastings; and Macaulay in his account of that trial calls her the "beautiful mother of a beautiful race."

In the Gallery at the Palace may be seen the Glastonbury Chair, and Abbot Whiting's chair, and the pictures of many Bishops. The two Bishops who became most conspicuous were Wolsey, afterwards Cardinal, and Laud, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury. Wolsey began his life as a churchman in the Diocese, for he had a benefice at Limington. Here his conduct was so irregular that Sir Amias Pawlett caused him to be "set in the stocks." Among other Bishops was Thomas Godwin who fell under the displeasure of two Queens. In the reign of Mary, because of his Protestant views, he was threatened with fire and faggot. Queen Elizabeth was annoyed because he married for the second time, and he had to part with the lease of a manor "not for love or money, but from fear." His motto, "Wyn God, Wyn all," is found in the Palace.

Bishop Still was a widower when he succeeded Bishop Godwin. He also married again, and Elizabeth was again annoyed, but, in this case, no property was sacrificed. His wife was the daughter of Sir John Horner of Cloford in Somersetshire. "She drew with her a kynde of alliance with Judge Popham that sway'd all the temporall Government of the cuntry." The Horners, whose name lives in the nursery rhyme, acquired a large property, or "plum" at the dissolution of Glastonbury Abbey.

Bishop Mews, who has been described as "an old honest Cavalier," was afterwards Bishop of Winchester. As the visitor of Magdalen College, he restored the Fellows ejected by James II. As a soldier he was taken prisoner at Naseby. At the Battle of Sedgemoor his horses drew the royal cannon, and he directed their fire against the forces of Monmouth. His picture shows that he wore a patch to hide a scar met with in the wars.

One of the most famous Bishops was Thomas Ken, of whom Charles II said that no one should have the see of Bath and Wells "but the little black fellow that refused his lodgings to Nelly." Nelly was Eleanor Gwyn; and the lodgings were Ken's Prebendal House at Winchester. Ken again intervened in the vagrant amours of the King, for on Charles's deathbed he persuaded him to dismiss the Duchess of Portsmouth and to send for the Queen. Under James II Ken was sent to the Tower, tried among the Seven Bishops, and acquitted. When deprived of his See, he lived with Lord Weymouth at Longleat, where "Bishop Ken's Library" still remains. He was succeeded by Kidder, who was killed at the Palace with his wife by the falling of a stack of chimneys in the great storm of November, 1703.

The charities of the Wells Churchmen were not restricted to Wells, and the following entries are interesting:—

3s. to a poor old man that had been taken captive by the Turks.

10s. to two Hungarian Gentlemen that had been captured in Buda.

2s. to a poor Hamborough Merchant "ship-wrack'd."

Among the Municipal payments the following occur:—

"Item payde for beare to make ye soldiers drynke when they come home from musterings at divers tymes—12s.

"Paid to Johnson 4 days and nights attendance on my Lord Jeffries his coach horses—00-06-00."

This refers to the expenditure of the City for the entertainment of Jeffries and four other Judges at the Special Assizes for the trial of the Duke of Monmouth's adherents.

We now leave the company of Bishops and Deans, and come to "Mortal men and miscreants." We are glad that some measure of social advancement has taken place in the Cathedral City. In 1593 in October a Vicar Choral was pronounced contumacious and excommunicated. The partner of his guilt had to stand at the High Cross in the Market Place at Wells with a white sheet down from her shoulders to her feet, and on the following Sunday she did the like punishment in St. Andrew's Church. In November of the same year Anne Patwell was charged with having parted with her virginity in an illicit manner. She had to appear in the Cathedral Church, wearing a white sheet made fast about her from the shoulders to the ground, and holding a white rod in her hand, without any hat on her head or muffler on her face. The following February the same punishment was given to another Wells lady. They all appear eventually to have received absolution.

These stories may be full of poetry and pathos, but such incidents are at an end. The vicissitudes of female delicacy left Wells and were discovered at Bath in the times of Chesterfield, Beau Nash, and Anstey. It is said that the predominant note of those educated at a well-known Public School is a certain shy bumptiousness. The predominant note at Wells in these days is a certain unworldly demureness—Beauty and the Post Card do not exist here. The only post card we could discover was one of the Bishop's Swans ringing the bell for his virtuals at the porter's gate of the Palace. Even this feat, which goes on in apostolic succession, was taught the original swans by the daughter of a former Bishop, Lord Auckland. The ducks on the Palace moat are not wild ducks; the geese are Solan geese.



## CORRESPONDENCE

## A PLEA FOR THE WORKING MAN.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—There seems just now a disposition, which is perhaps not unnatural, to regard the workman as the villain of the play, while the Government and the Labour leaders pose as injured innocents and lift up pious hands in horror at his goings on.

Is this quite fair? The workman, after all, acts as he has been taught. Milton may have had a prophetic vision of the twentieth century when he wrote of "the hungry sheep" that "look up and are not fed, but swollen with wind and the rank mist they draw, rot inwardly and foul contagion spread." The ill-wind blew from Germany—the poison gas factory of Europe—and wafted the doctrines of Karl Marx to our shores, where they were imbibed by labour leaders (mostly of middle-class origin), while Government, which might have supplied the antidote, helped (if all tales be true) to disseminate the poison by appointing as teachers in Board Schools schoolmasters infected with Marxian doctrines; these taught the doctrine of equality, which Nature abhors as she does a vacuum, and experience (*vide* instances in Mallock's 'Limitations of Pure Democracy') has shown to be false. Labour leaders inculcated the virtues of restricted output, which is in effect a fraud on the employer, and taught the workman to regard the employer as his natural enemy. The British workman is by nature no lazier or more covetous than other members of society, but the constant dropping of these corrosive acids could not but tend to eat away his sterling qualities.

To make matters worse, the House of Commons at the instigation of the Labour Party, and in defiance of high legal opinion, sacrificed the freedom of the individual on the altar of political expediency by passing the Trade Disputes Act, while the House of Lords, to their eternal shame, made no effort to rescue the victim.

The State and the Labour Party having thus done their best to undermine the character of the workman, the Government now proceeds to ruin his temper by depriving him of his accustomed refreshment and substituting meagre, expensive, and nauseous supplies of "Government beer"—enough in itself to discredit any Government! There was a ditty very popular with the workman of other days which our legislators would do well to recall: the refrain ran "and damn their eyes if ever they tries to rob a poor man of his beer!" With America "gone dry" one would think she would be glad to sell us beer at a reasonable price, even if Mr. Hoover denies us barley.

As a first step on the road to industrial peace, the Government should at once allay the national ill-temper by supplying good beer at a reasonable price and at reasonable hours, by encouraging owners of licensed houses to provide decent premises, where a self-respecting man could take his wife and family, and by assessing on the value of liquor sold, and not on that of the premises.

Much could be done for the rising generation by teaching in Board and State-aided Schools the rudiments of political economy based on Board of Trade statistics. There would be little Socialism if every working man had a stake in the country. Thrift could be encouraged, and the love of adventure gratified by the issue of premium bonds in small denominations; as things are, the only adventure open to the workman is to put his money on a horse, which is not conducive to thrift. Except, perhaps in the matter of drink, the national hypocrisy is nowhere more conspicuously displayed than in its attitude towards so-called gambling. But the reform most needed, not only in the interests of freedom, but of the very existence of collective bargaining, is the repeal of the Trade Disputes Act. When an employer is forced to deny to a decent competent workman his means of livelihood because he refuses to join a Trade Union, what of boasted liberty! Measures such as this and the Insurance Act, which create a difference in *status* between the wage-earner and the rest of the community, are inherently vicious: they arise from our corrupt political system, which the Society for

Upholding Political Honour, among others, is striving to reform.

Trade Union leaders might learn from the lawyers (the closest Trade Union in the world, so Mr. Lloyd George says) that, instead of bashing rival practitioners on the head, the better way is to refuse admission to members not fully qualified: they might well exercise special care in the case of aliens. The Trade Unions could soon restore discipline, if every member were given to understand that withdrawal of his labour, except under the orders of his executive, would be punished by the forfeiture of his deposits and expulsion from the Union. The true function of a trade union is to secure for its members the best terms that the employers will give, without injury to the industry from which both gain their livelihood. But no bargaining is possible, whether collective or individual, unless both parties are assured that agreements will be observed. Observance could be secured, if employees and Trade Union leaders agreed on an arbitrator and deposited a substantial sum in the bank to be forfeited by the aggressor if a strike or lock-out broke out pending the arbitrator's award or in rebellion against it.

In the case of industries where a strike or lock-out affects the interests of the community at large, and particularly where Government is the employer, the sum deposited should be so large as to give pause to the most powerful Union before employing the strike weapon.

Yours faithfully,

F. D. FOWLER.

25, Fitz James Avenue, W. 14.

February 17th, 1919.

## THE STRIKES.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—In the last two paragraphs of his immortal 'Catriona,' R. L. Stevenson says, "For the life of man upon the earth is a funny business. They talk of the angels weeping; I think they must be more often holding their sides as they look on," etc.

As they looked on, years ago, at the Peace Conference at the Hague, that the far-seeing Cocoa and little Navyite press at the time said would bring about the millenium; and as they look down now, and hear the talk of the "League of Nations" and "Reunion among the churches," etc. (human nature being what it is) one can quite imagine them cracking their sides with laughter.

But these strikes are quite a different thing. They are enough to make the Angels weep. Unity is force. At this very time, when unity is everything to us, if we are to hold our own in the commercial race of the future; we find various sections of labour with uncontrolled selfishness and greed, simply playing for their own hand. We may have to pay 4s. a ton more for coal, and that means more for gas, thanks to the miner. The happiness and welfare of the community is nothing to them. We must have ships to make food cheap, but the shipwrights don't care a bit for that; they are going to fill their pockets anyway, whoever suffers. And so it is with half-a-dozen other organised bodies.

There must still be a rare lot of German money about. It was these very same Glasgow strikers who did their best for the Germans during the war, and they have done it since. They are on the same level as our shirkers; and the Sinn Feiners who have had so much German gold. It was said that the war would purify the nation. Instead of that, one mad orgy of materialism seems to have taken hold of it. Nor does education seem to have done much good by the way so many are taken in by the "wild cat" schemes of the venal native and alien wind-bags who must be laughing in their sleeves, as they pocket their German money.

Yes; the Angels may laugh at a great deal they see, but while the Americans and Japanese, etc., are taking our markets, owing to our divisions, as we think of it, this is enough, indeed, to make them weep, and every patriot too.

ANDREW W. ARNOLD.

Junior Athenæum Club.

## WAGES AND PRICES.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—If the reply given in your note to "Free Lance" on the points raised by him relative to mining labour and capital is really the best you can do on the subject, it is small wonder that you are such an enthusiastic advocate of the machine-gun method of dealing with industrial "unrest." With such an intellectual stock-in-trade regarding economics, you would naturally feel that physical force was the best argument after all. The collier, it seems, is wrong in thinking that the man who hews the coal is worth, at least, as much as the man who "owns" the coal, or manages the coal mine—for the reason that there are five million of the miner and only ten thousand of the magnate and the manager, "with brains and capital enough" to fill the position. But surely this is to beg the question in the most farcical fashion. For, apart from the fact that a large slice of the profits of mine-owning goes not to "brains," but to a selection of idle, irresponsible, at best ornamental, and at worst positively imbecile people, who have never been near a mine in their lives, and might not be able to "manage" even their own private coal-scuttles, apart from this, the main, underlying—if not uppermost—grievance of the workers to-day is *precisely* that capital is centred in the few hands, as admitted by you. And the reason of this is that the past labour of the many has been exploited by the few, and stored up in the form of economic power (capital) for the purposes of continued exploitation. This is the chief point raised by "Free Lance." You do not meet it. Labour is at present making an effort—crude and blind though much of it is—to meet it. Labour's chief weakness is its ignorance about the main economic fact, now fast being dispelled. Once that fact is generally seized and "sized up" by the mass of the people who work, the men who "manage" will have to throw in their lot with the men who "mine"—or else be prepared to do a dash for an armoured car, which, together with the other features of a capitalist-militarist domination, will very soon represent all that is left to the party you write for in the way of an "argument."

H. RICHARDS.

66, Blessington Street, Dublin.

## DE VALERA AND DEMOCRACY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—I see Mr. Clement Shorter says that I wish to hang de Valera, "the chosen Prime Minister of the Irish race." I do not wish to hang de Valera, because he has been chosen by some Irishmen to represent them somewhere, but because I know, as far as it is possible to know anything, that he has been, at least, an accessory to the cowardly and cold-blooded murder of a number of decent Irishmen and Englishmen.

I hold the view that all murderers should be hanged, they are better dead.

I also think that all "moonlighters," i.e., those who assault with intent to do grievous bodily harm, should be flogged.

Briefly, I wish to uphold the law.

Mr. Shorter writes as though we were guilty of *Lèse Majesté* in being anti-democratic; but it is a well-known feature of the Democratic school of thought, that everyone who disagrees with a democrat ought to be guillotined, or locked up in a dungeon; so I forgive Mr. Shorter for his intolerance.

He says, too, that Bolshevism is the natural outcome of autocracy; but Bolshevism only prevailed in Russia after the Tsar had abdicated and after his government had been replaced by one of Democratic tendencies. Similarly, the terror only reigned under the National Convention; what chance would it have had under Louis XIV. or Richelieu?

The truth is, Bolshevism is always present in a people, just as jealousy, envy and covetousness are latent in the heart of man. But only autocracy has the courage and strength to muzzle the beast.

I know enough of Nature to know that there must

always, on earth, be suffering and struggling for man.

I know enough of the world and its history to be sure that the vulgar rich, under a Democracy, are more vulgar and heartless, if more rich, and the sordid and degraded poor more sordid, more degraded and more numerous.

I can assure Mr. Shorter that, in proclaiming de Valera as the chosen Prime Minister of the Irish race, he is indulging in hyperbole.

There cannot be more than a million and a half or perhaps two millions of Sinn Feiners in the world, why should they dictate to the forty-four millions of Britons how the British Isles shall be governed?

Mr. Shorter, himself, admits that the majority ought to dictate what the government of their country shall be. Suppose one-third of Ireland's population voted for complete independence, one-third for the Union, and one-third for United Home Rule, what does Mr. Shorter suggest should be done?

Yours Sincerely,

"AN IRISHMAN."

## TAXATION OF LAND.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Now that land reform is of such vital importance to reconstruction I beg to present the following points for the consideration of all progressive elements in our national life.

The Act of 1910 was spoilt by a vain attempt to include land, buildings, and improvements in one valuation. In many cases nearly 100 per cent. of the total rental of agricultural land is, both in law and justice, private property, its current site and known mineral value being purely nominal. On the other hand, in justice, though not in law, 100 per cent. of the rental value of mining and town land is in most cases public property, for the value would remain if every sign of man's work and expenditure in or on such land were removed or destroyed.

I suggest that without regard to whether the land is used or unused, an annual tax, or Government rent charge, be placed on the rental value of all the known public property in or on land, which our laws protect as private property, that all lands having no rental value should become automatically public property and vested in the Government.

Justice demands that this new and far-reaching tax must at the outset be small in amount, and only slowly increased, until the total rental value of all public property inherent in land is collected by the elected representatives of the people, to be used for the public benefit, and all the added or artificial values more firmly secured as private property.

Such a tax would gradually bring into use the unused and partly used land with which to-day our slums are surrounded, and create a wholesome demand for the services of workers of all sorts and conditions, in fact lead to "more jobs than men." This would allay industrial unrest, and gradually remove the never absent fear of undeserved destitution from the workers.

I am, yours faithfully,

Birken Prestatyn,  
North Wales.

GEORGE ALFRED GOODWIN.

## CHURCH FINANCE.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—In your recent issues there have appeared letters on the above subject with reference to the Life and Liberty movement, which is a supporter of what is termed the Enabling Bill. It is stated that this movement is attracting very great attention amongst the clergy, for amongst other anomalies which require to be cured—such as the Parson's freehold, to which, however, reference is not made—this movement is said to be one which will bring about some amelioration of the incomes of poor clergy by some system of redistribution or pooling. But my object in writing is not so much to deal with the movement, so far as it affects the clergy, as to point out how it affects the laity; a body of people which surely is entitled to the first con-



sideration, for without the laity the *raison d'être* of the clergy becomes uncertain.

It is, I think, generally admitted that the great body of the laity know nothing of what is proposed to be effected by the Enabling Bill, nor of the extent to which its interests are imperilled thereby. For instance, one of the proposals is to set up in each parish a Parochial Church Council—which is to take over and exercise all ecclesiastical powers of the present Vestry—the meeting of qualified electors to elect the members of the Council to be convened by the incumbent of the parish. Now is it not plain as a pike staff that the Vestry as at present constituted of the ratepayers of the parish has no powers other than ecclesiastical, and that the result will be that many persons will have no longer any lot or interest in the affairs of the Church, and that, as time goes on, the flock of the incumbent will become less and less? There are Church Councils in some parishes at present, but these is no way interfere with or take away from the powers of the Vestry, which may be summoned by either Incumbent or Churchwardens, or both. Why, if a new state of affairs is to be introduced, is not the Parish meeting to be summoned in the same way as a Vestry Meeting for a parish at the present time? Further, the Parochial Council is to exercise such other powers as may hereafter be conferred upon it. Will these unknown powers include that of making alterations in our glorious old Parish Churches? Many of them have already suffered under the present régime, which affords them far more security than will be the case in the future. For there will be no local or other public opinion to protect them.

And why is it possible to say the laity know nothing of the proposals? Because no proper local efforts have been made to explain the proposals. Why is this so? Meetings should be organised to explain the proposals with opportunities for questions and general debate. If this were done, then the laity might come to know as well as the clergy, what the proposals are, and how their interests will be affected. It is true Meetings have been held in some places, but without opportunity for questions or debate. These important features are carefully avoided by singing a hymn at the close of the Clerical speaker's address.

Your obedient servant,

ONE OF THE LAITY.

#### "A MOUNTAIN IN LABOUR."

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—The monumental (or microscopic, according to opinion) results of the mighty gathering of intellects at Paris, published to-day under the title "Peace League Covenant," form interesting reading. But the question presents itself: "If Germany does *not* give proof of her 'sincere intention' to observe . . . obligations and conform . . . to principles . . . in regard to her naval and military forces and armaments, and is, therefore, *not* admitted to the League Article 7), and, consequently, is at liberty, when recovered from her present prostration, to arm as she likes, will the 'High Contracting Powers' still be obliged to confine themselves to the 'fair and reasonable' proportion of military equipment determined by the Executive Council of the League (Article 8) *before* the (future) attitude of Germany towards the League—and the world—was disclosed?"

If not, how will the necessities of defensive armament of the European nations differ from those of (say) 1913.

Will someone be so kind as to answer these two questions for

ONE OF THE IGNORANT PUBLIC?

#### PELMANISM—WHAT ABOUT IT?

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—You have touched with the needle of your intelligence the heart of this gigantic humbug. Who are the people who write the glowing tributes to Pelmanism? They are Admiral Lord Beresford, General Sir O'Moore Creagh, Sir Robert Baden Powell, Sir Arthur Quiller Couch, and Sir William

Robertson Nicoll—at least these are the names given by Pelman. One is a famous sailor, two are famous soldiers, one is a famous man of letters, and the last is a famous and very godly editor. Have these celebrities been paid for their glowing tributes to Pelmanism? And have they themselves gone through a course of Pelmanism? They owe it to themselves, to the public, and to Pelmanism, to answer these simple questions. I enclose my card, and remain

Yours obediently,

A SCOFFER.

#### SHAKESPEARE AND GAGGING.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Last week for the first time I saw Mr. Fagan's players do *Twelfth Night* at the Court Theatre with due gratitude for a good all-round performance. But I am sure that your keen-eyed critic was right in calling attention to the popular exaggerations of trick and manner which proceed from acting night after night. The play is well past its 100th performance, also well past its best as a representation of Shakespeare. Those who have seen it recently and some while since notice the deterioration. The excellent Sir Toby at present is overdoing his drunken tricks and dragging out his humour too much. The dignified Olivia seems so amused with him that she cannot keep her face straight; yet, as Shakespeare made her, she is dignity incarnate, a great lady whom the privileged clown approaches with caution.

The players seem to have adopted towards Shakespeare something of the attitude of Malvolio towards the clown. They might be saying to the public: "I marvel your lordship takes delight in such a barren rascal . . . unless you laugh and minister occasion to him, he is gagged."

Is Shakespeare gagged without gags from those who play him? I hope not. But next time, with all good wishes for a long run, I shall go not later than the twelfth night.

Yours sincerely,

W. H. S.

#### ANCIENT AND MODERN GREEKS.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—With reference to the Ancient and Modern Greek controversy, surely the Ancient Greeks were a fair race, whereas the Modern Greeks are a dark, almost swarthy, Semitic race.

Probably the malaria or the yellow fever mosquitoes wiped out the ancient Greeks. The Phœnicians may have imported the mosquitoes in their bales of merchandise into Greece.

It is well-known that dark people can resist malaria better than fair men, so the fair Greeks succumbed to *stegomia faciata* or *anopheles*, leaving the darkest, or fittest, to survive.

Yours truly,

H. A. M.

#### INFLUENZA AND THE RAILWAY CARRIAGES.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Influenza is rampant, and there is much talk of prevention of epidemic, while one very obvious remedy seems to be entirely overlooked.

Why not thoroughly and systematically cleanse and disinfect our railway carriages?

Yours truly,

K. C. M. DENNE.

Beacon Corner, Burley, Hants.

Feb. 15th, 1919.

#### "THE TRAGEDY OF QUEBEC."

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Thanks to Dr. Grey, and the courtesy of the Agent General of Quebec, I have got and read 'The Clash.' It is an interesting book, and I hope the publishers will afford their customers an opportunity of buying it, so that both sides may get a hearing. I am bound, however, to say that I seek in vain for any "complete and irrefutable rejoinder" in its pages to

the charges made against the Quebec Church and its goings on: indeed, the author only touches the fringe of this question, being mainly concerned with the language problem. This problem is, no doubt, sectarian at its source, language being one of the main bulwarks of Canadian Catholicism: "religion" (or, as I prefer to call it, political clericalism) is the real cause of the endless strife and bickering which at times threaten to turn the politics of the Dominion into "a seething mass of suspicion and conflict." 'The Clash' and 'The Tragedy' are both symptoms of a deep-seated disease, and Canada, recognising that there have been faults on both sides, must strive to cut out the roots of the mischief. The Protestants, being the stronger party, can afford to be generous, but the Church must not by its action make generosity difficult, if not impossible. The eventual solution of the problem will probably be found in the abolition—as in America, where the secular system works well—of all denominational teaching in the public schools. The interpretation of denominational agreements is always the occasion of acute controversy, and this reacts injuriously on political and social life. The present state of affairs is a truly miserable one.

Mr. Moore states ('The Clash,' p.p. 192 and 206) that certain subjects "may not be taught in the French language in Ontario," but I take it that this is an unintentional over-statement, and that he is referring only to State-subsidised schools to whose support Protestants are compelled to contribute, and to which, I am informed, the much-abused Regulation 17 of the Ontario Code alone applies: he surely does not include instruction given in French in private schools or the home. If this is correct—and the point ought to be cleared up—Ontario's action does not seem unreasonable. I still maintain that people ought not to be forced to subsidise the teaching of alien religious doctrine in a "foreign" tongue. (Mr. Moore speaks of "an alien tongue" in precisely the same sense, and with the same application, as I spoke of "a foreign language": nobody denies that French is an official language in Canada). If Quebec people are content to subsidise Protestant schools, well and good. They probably find that it is to their advantage to do so, and the Protestantism does not act, as Romanism is found to act, as a disturbing and reactionary force in civic life. It is true, as Dr. Grey says, that certain rights and liberties were granted to the Church under the Treaty of Paris, but only, as is expressly stated in the document, *within the limits of British law*. Will Dr. Grey contend that those limits have not been overstepped by the Church? The general opinion is that she has largely trespassed on the State's domain and grievously abused her privileges; and I must repeat once more that the charges formulated in my last letter have not been answered.

HUGH E. M. STUTFIELD.

Oxford and Cambridge Club,  
Pall Mall, S.W. 19th February.

P.S.—A Quebec statesman has unconsciously, but most opportunely, come to my aid. In *The Times* of last Saturday M. Taschereau, Minister of Public Works and Labour in Quebec, is reported as follows: "Let us fight a little less for bi-lingual cant, and a little more to teach our children to speak the language of 100,000,000 inhabitants of the continent, and the day will come when it will be understood that Quebec saved Canada for England." The last sentence can hardly fail to please Dr. Grey, whatever he may think of the opening ones.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—One would like to hear a little more of those "cold facts" referred to by Florence Gay in your current issue. Can your correspondent give her authority for stating that the French-Canadian is more often than not a half-caste, and that there is a notoriously high percentage of crime in French-Canada?

Yours faithfully,

CHARLES W. FORWARD.

1, Wilton Crescent, Wimbledon, S.W.

## REVIEWS

### A QUESTIONABLE BIOGRAPHY.

Life of David Lloyd George; with a Short History of the Welsh People. By T. Hugh Edwards, M.P. Waverley Book Company.

THERE is a common belief that the only qualifications for the writing of biography are an abject worship of its object, and a comparatively close acquaintance with the matters described. There could be no greater fallacy. Of all forms of literature biography is perhaps the most difficult. It is in a sense a hybrid of creation and criticism. It involves the imagination of the novelist or the poet with the keen analytic quality of the historian. The biographer must bridge both these gulfs, and the history of biography is in consequence, with a very few brilliant exceptions, one of almost uniform failure. As Mr. Lytton Strachey says, it is more difficult to write a good life than to live one.

Let us, therefore, make it plain from the outset that the complete failure of Mr. Edwards is not surprising, when the great inherent difficulties of biography are considered. Mr. Edwards, however, not content with these difficulties, adds three of his own making. The first is that he alleges that his work combines with an account of Mr. Lloyd George a short history of the Welsh people. The word "short" is, however, an exaggeration, since the history of the Welsh people in the IVth Volume appears to be confined to a reproduction on the frontispiece of the charming photograph of the Prince of Wales in the robes of his Investiture. By affecting to add history to biography Mr. Edwards thus contrives to fail in two directions at once. In the next place Mr. Edwards attempts a biography while the subject is still living. No man, in our view, can be judged, and none described in any permanent form, until his whole life is open to the judgment of history. The last act in a life, like the last chapter of a book, may make or change the whole. Even the enemies of Mr. Lloyd George will not take the view that he has no more surprises left for the world. Looking back on his career, it is difficult to forecast how it will end. It is certain that there is a great deal in him which the last act will lay bare. Biography at this stage, therefore, is at least guess-work, and guess-work is only tolerable if of high literary quality.

This brings us to the third peculiar difficulty in which Mr. Edwards finds himself. He is, unhappily, unable to write.

Burdened with these disadvantages, but sustained partly by a burning devotion to Mr. Lloyd George and partly by the belief that any volume, if the pages are large enough and the cover sufficiently imposing, constitutes a serious work, Mr. Edwards proceeds upon his journey. Apart from all else, there are three staggering defects in the book. In the first place there is no attempt, or perhaps it is fairer to say that there appears to be no attempt, to give a picture of the human side of Mr. Lloyd George. We can hardly suppose, for instance, that when it is stated that "the result gave Mr. Lloyd George special gratification, for, as he took occasion to remind both masters and men, he was a Lancashire lad, and for that reason he had inherited interest in the welfare of the community," this is intended by a friendly writer as throwing a light on the personality of his hero. Nor do we feel that we are much advanced, either in our knowledge or admiration of Mr. Lloyd George, by the account of his soliloquy at the humble cottage in the little village of Llanystumdwy. "I well remember," Mr. Lloyd George is reported to have said, "standing on that stone slab on the very day when I had scored my first triumph in passing the law preliminary examination. I recall it as vividly as if it were yesterday." It is satisfactory to learn the exact geographical site which Mr. Lloyd George connects with this momentous news and interesting to have a glimpse of how retentive a memory he possesses. We are not certain, however, that history is much enriched by a presentation of the incident. We quote these two refer-



ences because they are among the three or four personal touches in the volume, and not, as might be supposed, for the purpose of ridiculing either the writer or the subject of the biography. While incidents of this kind are quoted, there is no attempt to get down to the real Mr. Lloyd George. His private friendships are ignored, yet nothing reveals a man more than an account of his friends. Mr. Edwards gives us no glimpse of the circle in which move Sir Charles Henry, Sir George Riddell, Lord Reading, and Mr. Augustus John. Yet without such an account and an explanation of the ties and interests which bring these men together, we are completely in the dark as to the real personal inclination and private emotions of Mr. Lloyd George.

This is unfortunate. Still more unfortunate, and constituting the second great defect of the book, is the absence in Mr. Edwards of the historical sense. In a biography of Mr. Lloyd George written by a supporter after his appointment to the Premiership, we do not expect too much attention to be paid to Mr. Asquith. The historian, however, is not in the happy position of a novelist, who can create and destroy characters at will. He is constrained to face facts. Mr. Edwards in this particular shows imagination. He imagines that Mr. Asquith did not exist. Let us take one instance only, though one could almost be taken from every page. Mr. Edwards describes the part played by Mr. Lloyd George in the Agadir incident. "But I am also bound to say," he added, as he proceeded to read from carefully prepared notes, which, as afterwards transpired, had received the imprimatur both of the Prime Minister and the Foreign Secretary, "that"—and Mr. Edwards then quotes the words settled by the Prime Minister and the Foreign Secretary. It is, therefore, a curious summary of the position to refer to Mr. Lloyd George's action, taken on the instructions of the Prime Minister, in the following terms: "After this conspicuous service to the country in the domain of foreign politics, Mr. Lloyd George . . ." Not Mr. Asquith, it seems, nor Sir Edward Grey, nor the Cabinet, but Mr. Lloyd George!

The final and perhaps worst defect of all is the lack of the sense of humour consistently displayed. Mr. Edwards slightly astonishes us, until we have read a few pages, by illustrating his volume with reproduction from *Punch*. We found, as we feared, that Mr. Edwards liked a joke and had no sense of humour. As the crowning instance of this lack of proportion, take his account of how Mr. Lloyd George was persuaded of the necessity of British intervention in the war (and curiously enough this assertion is not supported by any reference to the daily meetings between Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Ramsay MacDonald in the days before August 2nd, 1914). His mind was, so the biographer declares, changed by a dinner engagement, "when he found himself in juxtaposition to the Belgian Minister." This "juxtaposition" had fortunate results for the future of civilization. "The Belgian Minister," it appears, "made it quite clear that his own little country was heroically facing the devastating wrath of the legions of Germany in implicit confidence that she would count on the protecting arm of England. . . . The statement revealed to Mr. Lloyd George as in a flash the immediate duty of his own country." Europe should be grateful for that "dinner engagement." We may well ask ourselves, however, if Mr. Edwards seriously believes that it was this conversation which influenced Mr. Lloyd George. If he does, and he is wrong, our accusation of the absence of the sense of humour is inadequate. If he is right, our accusation is ridiculous. For no other words can describe the blindness of a biographer who, in a hymn of praise, suddenly and irrevocably and unconsciously stabs his idol in the back.

If we may advise Mr. Edwards, he would be better employed in busying himself in Parliament with the history of the Welsh people, and the unswerving support of Mr. Lloyd George, leaving to those who understand literature, and desire to pursue the topic, the written presentation of Mr. Lloyd George and the country of which he may fairly be described as the first citizen.

## POET AND POLITICIAN.

The Life of Lamartine. By H. Remsen Whitehouse. Fisher Unwin. 42s. net. 2 vols.

OUR island race has moved some way—possibly has moved a little too far—from that mental position in which the thing or person pronounced to be "un-English" was finally consigned to contempt. Yet if we were asked off-hand to account for our insular dislike of much French literature highly esteemed by competent native judges, we should be hard put to find any better answer than is contained in that obsolete adjective. Lamartine has the misfortune—or otherwise—of possessing in a concentrated degree certain qualities especially liable to be branded with this appellation. Hence, no doubt, his unpopularity, even with that handful of English people who are interested in foreign authors. Our very schoolboys and school-girls, indeed, have a wholly different reception for Béranger, de Musset and even Victor Hugo, from that which they accord to him. His total lack of humour can only partially supply the reason. It is true that every country has a different humorous ideal, and the reviewer is so far of the stalwart old faction as to consider the British no worse than another. But Lamartine, by the unanimous confession of his compatriots, fell equally short of their demands in this respect. Yet they were not thereby hindered from admiring him. Nor can our absence of appreciation be due to his sentimentality, for what nation is more sentimental than we are? The stumbling-block consists in this, that his sentimentality covers a different field from ours. It is not, as with many of his countrymen, in regard to the issues of sex-morality that this distinction becomes apparent. Whatever may have been the case with his practice, his theories on such themes have nothing to shock or startle the most sensitive of British matrons. Readers of 'Geneviève,' for example, are even a little surprised to find a peasant girl's lapse from virtue treated with a seriousness which suggests Irish rather than Latin standards. The divergence is in a different direction, and can be best exemplified by a reference to the sacrifice exacted and rendered, which forms the central point of 'Jocelyn.' In that poem, a bishop condemned by revolutionaries to the guillotine, ordains a reluctant seminary priest, that he may thus receive the Eucharist which his crippled hands prevent him from celebrating in person. One of Lamartine's editors has in fact singled out this episode as amply sufficient to arouse the antipathy of a Protestant people averse to clerical celibacy and unable to enter into Catholic feeling on such a situation as that imagined. Jocelyn, having abandoned all thoughts of the priesthood, has provided himself with a blameless fiancée, whom he is now obliged to forsake. But it would be a grave injustice to Catholicism to assert that such hideously materialistic egotism as the bishop's forms any part of its essential doctrine. Strong in the spirit of Augustine's 'Crede et manducasti,' the dying Port Royal nuns refused the viaticum offered them on conditions injurious to their conscience, and a man who could suffer death for his religion would scarcely in real life be animated by a faith inferior to theirs. The repugnance we feel for what seems an unnatural and futile sacrifice is rather, we think, of race than of creed. There is no subject on which racial standards diverge more widely than on the right limit of self-abnegation.

We scarcely know whether this biography is likely to secure a more widely diffused appreciation of Lamartine. It has the disadvantage of erring on the side of length; and its two thick volumes are literally heavy in hand, a serious drawback to comfortable reading. The materials composing it have been conscientiously, and to all appearance discriminatingly, selected, and the numerous illustrations have interest and sometimes charm. The writing also is clear and on the whole agreeable, though such phrases as "temperamented," "disgruntled," "transmogified," "phenomenal," are of sadly frequent occurrence, and the verb "to write," is almost invariably followed by a dative without a preposition. In direct

translation, of which few specimens are given, the author does not seem to us particularly happy. To represent a converted agnostic as "communing," is obviously to mistake the sense of the verb "communier." "The young person" and "He pleases me," by no means convey the same meaning as "La jeune personne," and "Il me plaît." School classes are "followed" in France, but "attended" in England; and "explosion" is a most unfortunate rendering of the French word so spelled, when it is love or genius which explodes.

Mr. Whitehouse undoubtedly brings to his enterprise the two excellent qualifications of sympathy and discernment. These are above all manifest in his comments on Lamartine's political career, which is described with much detail, and certainly forms an extraordinary chapter in modern history. His power to sway the insurgent mob of Paris was perhaps in its kind unique. Absence of humour was probably a positive asset to him in his quality of popular statesman, as was the case among ourselves with Mr. Gladstone. No man could have been more sincere than Lamartine in his aspirations for the common welfare; and his sincerity, undeflected by any perception of that ludicrous element which is present in every situation, and supported by a marvellous oratorical gift, naturally carried conviction. But though he gained control, he was unable to retain it. As his biographer aptly remarks, he had the velvet glove, but not the iron hand. It may also be that, when it came to the test of "reconstruction" (blessed word!), he was wanting, not in prophetic vision or breadth of view, but in the practical ability necessary to give them effect. Yet there is no doubt that his pacifying influence helped to steer the ship of State through a most critical period. And measures of real utility were, at one time or another, carried through his persuasive eloquence.

The circumstances of his childhood and youth have an attractive touch of the unusual. His parents, though of more or less aristocratic lineage, were exceedingly poor, and their way of living differed "only in degree from that of the neighbouring peasantry." The future poet played freely with village boys, and in their company tramped daily across the hills to school, carrying his luncheon of bread and fruit, also a bundle of faggots as his contribution to the general fire. Who would have inferred any such contact with realities from the flowery idealism of what we may call his pastoral poetry? But though in later life he was never a successful farmer, and badly mismanaged the estates which he inherited from a kinsman, he had always a genuine and familiar affection for country pursuits. There were five sisters, who are seldom mentioned, apart from the duty—and difficulty—of providing them with husbands. Their education was attended to, however, when funds permitted, during the winter months, which, according to ancient custom, were spent, not in Paris, but in the neighbouring provincial town of Mâcon. Their brother, after learning two or three Latin Declensions at the rustic academy already mentioned, was sent first to a school at Lyon, and then to the much happier Jesuit college at Belley. Both parents were persons of some intellectual ability. Madame de Lamartine, whose mother had assisted Madame de Genlis in educating the children of Egalité Orléans, took, if anything, rather too keen an interest in her gifted son's mental development. Her concern for his moral and religious principles led her to burn (not unread) the copies of 'Emile' and 'La nouvelle Héloïse,' which she had found in his room. This touching and most inconvenient solicitude she seems in after years to have bequeathed to his English wife, a sometime Protestant endowed with all a convert's zeal, who in the interests of orthodoxy used to expurgate articles confided to her for correction by her husband.

Other women besides his wife and mother played a large part in Lamartine's life, and their intervention was not, perhaps, always of an equally excusable kind. He appears to have possessed in a supreme degree the poet's traditional facility for transferring his affections

from one object to another, and the poet's ingenious frugality in making "copy" out of his adventures of the heart. As recorded by him for the public benefit, these experiences were lifted to a high moral level and brought in a great deal of money. But, owing mainly to a generosity which was on the scale of primitive Christianity (he gave away at least half his income), Lamartine never succeeded in keeping the sums thus acquired. A lovable man he certainly was; and that we on this side of the Channel should have so little feeling for his charm is probably both our fault and our misfortune.

HUGH SIDGWICK.

Jones's Wedding and other Poems. By A. H. Sidgwick. Arnold.

OUR memories of Hugh Sidgwick and the consideration of this book of rhymed prose confirm us in our belief that he would have wished his work to be reviewed on its merits. If we understand his point of view at all, it would have been that his death in France was one thing, his life in poetry another. He would not have asked us to forget or glorify the writer in the soldier. Of dead men nothing but good, but of dead books nothing, he would have said, but ill. If he were to be assayed, the test he would have asked must be directed not to the adventitious beauty with which the last sacrifice invests his memory along with the memories of all the others "loveliest and best," but to any beauty in the matter in hand. We proceed, therefore, as he would have wished, without illicit biography, trespassing only so far as to whisper in the noble language he loved,

"I decus, I nostrum,"

and turn from the tomb that shuts him from us to the work which restores him.

Let us see to what this war-poem amounts. For it is emphatically a war-poem, though from first to last there is not one reference to the war, not one hint of battle. But that is only artifice. It is a brave, and we venture to think, an immortal attempt to set before the world that gaiety, that spiritual freedom which the vulgarities of war time sentiment have set out to destroy. Here, with her unchanging eyes fixed on sanity and beauty as the true goal of life, speaks Oxford. Those who know her best know that her silence is not the least of her judgments. Not so much in the achievements of her children is she eternal as in the cool and unshaken test that her beauty brings to human action. In the presence of Magdalen Tower—that stately sentinel—tawdry claims expose themselves and fade. We suggest that this quality, this independence of false sentiment and meretricious glory, shines and is steady in this book.

'Jones's Wedding' is an account in rhymed prose of the marriage of a gentleman called Jones, containing a description of the minor affairs of the heart which preceded the ultimate solution in the church with reference to the emotions induced by all these events in the breasts of the poets, Robinson, Brown and Smith. This being the subject and these the names of the heroes, we claim that as an enduring record of the spirit of England in war-time, and of youth, they are the real thing—the real thing in whose light the war-poems of Rupert Brooke inexplicably lose their magic. Brooke in his sonnets called upon us all to contemplate heroic youth facing death—yes, and out-facing him. Behind this call is the image of his Greek island, set in a classic sea. The appeal has swept us away. We have, in gratitude for his beautiful death, given him a place beside Keats and Shelley. We have given him the place, and then in the quiet of evening as it were comes 'Jones's Wedding.'

Let us, remembering that the poem was written in 1916-17, quote a few lines, and then consider Brooke's claim.

"And eastward far from this sordid scene  
There runs a river cool and clean,  
A river, my lad, a river. Come on!  
For the blessed river Oblivion."



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They would like that river in France, maybe, as well as the splendour of the foreign field "to be for ever England?" A view of life (which is perhaps better than a view of death) begins to shape itself.

We wish we could linger with "Eights" for the sake of those who have lost them for ever, but we must go on through Chelsea to the love they will never share. There was

"Elsie of Chelsea—a pretty jingle,  
Full of good causes, superior, single,"

with whom Jones played—

"A pretty, fugitive masquerade,  
Helped by the dim deceptive gloom  
Of a typical Chelsea drawing-room,  
Which easily adds imagined graces  
To the dullest parts of the flattest faces."

Did Rupert Brooke help to clear away such mists as these?

And then on to Dorothy where Jones watches  
"a thin-drawn veil  
Gather and spread its arms and drop  
Over the crags of Ennerdale."

In which Dorothy appears:—

"like a breeze on an April day,  
Clean, invigorating, and strong,  
To blow your flimsy fancies away;  
She claims from you her own great quality  
Of sanity, sense, and easy jollity."

They missed that when they were in France, and he saved it for them, and they should not complain of being spared the agony of losing Dorothy:—

"And the tug that comes at the heart-strings then  
Is due to sub-conscious association  
Of things with no objective relation,  
Well known to all scientific men."

Then the marriage which is crystallized for them out there in

"Purcell! Thank God. A single bar  
Quiets the mind, and scatters far  
The distracting whispers and flutters and frills,  
The stately music swells and fills."

"To rapture" boys in France! "triumph, certainty,  
The glory of life that cannot die,  
Lord, may this all come true for Jones."

We will stop at the marriage, quoting only from the lament for what Jones by losing has made lasting for those who never knew it:—

"He will not dine with us in the Strand;  
(The Cheshire Cheese and 'The Cock' boys!)  
He will play no billiards with us, nor cards,  
Nor pay his shilling to sweat and stand  
For a two-hour dose at the Promenades."

"Never again  
Will he catch the Sunday morning train,  
To brush the dew from a Surrey field,  
To startle the ducks in a Surrey pond,  
And eat his lunch in view of the Weald."

He has given them it all—Oxford, Chelsea, love in the Lakes, the Wedding, and the friendship of young men. We needn't linger on the doubts that follow. They in France have their own afterwards.

Haven't we the right to make this claim for Sidgwick—that, when Rupert Brooke with all delicate glamour could only make a poem of death, our author—Oxford—made good rhymed prose of life? The woman in us is no doubt for Brooke, but the boys who died, we wonder, won't they say?

"Madam, I crave your leave to go.  
I have an important engagement with  
Robinson and Brown and Smith."

## "MESPOT."

The Long Road to Baghdad. By Edmund Candler.  
2 vols. Cassell. 35s. net.

EARLY in this vivacious book the "Eyewitness" of the Mesopotamian Expedition, indulges in a hearty fling at the Censorship, for its mutilation of his missives from the front. The contrast between Mr. Candler, the severely blue-pencilled correspondent, and Mr. Candler, the unshackled historian, is indeed humorous. As edited he was commonplace; left to himself he is emphatically controversial, and General Townshend, for one, has already taken exception to his criticism. The point is one that he has a perfect right to make, but we expect that the general reader will not pay much attention to it. He, or she, has forgotten about all those mystifying announcements, such as our retirement from Sannaiyat, not because we were beaten, as was the fact, but because we were short of water, which caused Tommy to blaspheme. What they want is a survey of the "Mespot" campaigns as a whole, with their reverses and their victories. That survey Mr. Candler most ably supplies, with its due background of desert scenery, native groups mixed up with Ford cars, filthy little mountain cities, mirage and dust storms. A scholar, as well as a journalist, Mr. Candler kept his Gibbon in his kitbag, and the Emperor Julian was with him at Ctesiphon.

The Mesopotamian Expedition was a drama of the Euripidean pattern. It had its happy beginning, not without the forewarnings of fate; then its characters were plunged into disaster; finally the god appeared from the machine and all was well. The parallel cannot apply unfortunately to individuals, or even to regiments, since general after general failed to make good, as they say, and the Black Watch experienced many reincarnations. At the outset an enterprise to save Basra from a Turkish-German thrust and to protect the Persian oil fields, it developed, thanks to an over-ambitious general and the incompetence and niggardliness of the Indian Government, into a foolhardy and ill-equipped advance from Amara to Kut, and from Kut to Ctesiphon. The pigsqueak press had hardly ceased making jokes about "Kut and run," when Mr. Asquith informed the Commons that we were "within measurable distance of Baghdad." General Townshend withdrew his 14,000 rifles after they had been confronted by impossibilities but eighteen miles from that city; he reached Kut by a masterly retreat but could get no further. Then reinforcements were rushed out at such hot haste that their medical plant had to be left behind in Egypt. General Aylmer tried to get through to Kut by frontal attacks against scientifically prepared positions. He failed, and General Townshend surrendered to famine. The men were splendid as usual, but many died through no fault of the doctors.

The god from the machine was General Maude, an organiser and tactician in one. But the needs of modern war that were denied his predecessors, Ford cars and the rest of it, reached him in abundance. And the Turk, as always, fought splendidly behind entrenchments. The forcing of the Sannaiyat position took a heavy toll on the strength; the crossing at Shamran was an exploit of extreme daring, and it took us all we knew to evict the enemy from Baghdad. The capture of the railway-head at Tamarrah was the next important operation, which checkmated any possible German-Turkish thrust from Aleppo. Even so, the resistance, though it had broken before the gunboats, was much more obstinate than the British public were allowed to know. Mr.

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Candler's summary of the last stages of the war in Mesopotamia makes it clear that, after Maude's lamented death, the Turks displayed not a little skill in evading General Marshall's masterly movements and fought some desperate rearguard actions. However, they lost heart at last, and on the day before the armistice was signed at Mudros, the General surrounded and captured the whole force opposed to him on the Tigris. In another week the way to the Mediterranean would have lain open to him, and he might have gained Nisitsin without a blow. It had cost us 4,335 officers and 93,244 men to wear down the Turk.

Mr. Candler says that the flowery periods of the proclamation signed by General Maude after the capture of Baghdad amused the soldier. The inspiration obviously came from Whitehall, and "one missed the directness of Maude." The soldier too, was not much impressed by the tenderness for the Arab, who had impartially robbed and betrayed both sides, which glowed in the proclamation. He had respected the Turk as a brave and fairly clean fighter, and the hideous treatment of the Kut prisoners being unknown to him, he was quite willing to part friends. But now that that hideous story has been revealed, and that Mr. Morgenthau's account of the Armenian massacres has been fully confirmed by Mr. Candler from the mouths of refugees, it is clear that the Turk must go. The proclamation, however, throws no light on the future of Mesopotamia. A "mandate," it is to be presumed, will be issued, and in due course a Dago spelling bee will appear on the spot, to see that all goes well. That august body will discover that, in our blunt British way, we have done not a little for the country we are to hand over to its control. The crooked ways of Baghdad have been made straight, and hill-towns have been cleared of their immemorial filth and stinks. Irrigation water, left derelict by the Turk, has been put in order and the plains stand so thick with corn that they laugh and sing. Politicals have arrived; they compare the quarrels between tribesmen and tribesmen, and they administer justice in a rough and ready way, but are commanding respect. That is, as we say, our British habit; we act thus as a matter of course, and do not talk about it. The most enlightened Dago could not improve on our system, even if he hailed from Equador.

#### A FRIEND OF GORDON.

Watson Pasha. By Stanley Lane-Poole. Murray. 7s. 6d. net.

THIS is an excellent biography, as might be expected from the author of 'The Life of Lord Stratford de Redcliffe.' It is constructed, however, from scanty materials, since Sir Charles Watson, a reticent man with his affections centred in his family, had no gift of self-expression. He was intimately associated with Gordon and Kitchener, but all that we learn of the first is that he was "a nice fellow," while of the second we learn nothing at all. The barrenness of his letters is the more remarkable because his account of the capture of Cairo after the collapse of Arabi's rebellion made capital reading in 'Blackwood.' Mr. Lane-Poole has eked out his story with contributions from Gordon and Kitchener. Though the pathetic communication, beginning "I think the game is up," has, we fancy, been published before, Gordon's discursive pungent style is always enjoyable, and he reveals himself in the confession that he had not married, "Because I know myself sufficiently to know I could make no woman happy." From Kitchener we get a jovial "Long live the Pasha!"

Sir Charles Watson was a typical engineer officer, hard-working, unobtrusive, content to do the duty that lay before him and loyal to his friends. He attracted the attention of the War Office as an expert in submarine mines and military balloons. Later on, under Sir Lintorn Simmons, he was employed in one of that department's humorous attempts to fortify London. But it was in Egypt that he came before the world, first as one of Gordon's subordinates in the Soudan, then as a reorganiser of Egypt under Sir

Evelyn Wood, finally as a base officer during the Gordon relief expedition, or, rather, the expedition that did not relieve Gordon. In 1886 he took up the Red Sea command, and at Suakin pursued the policy of trying to open up the trade routes and win over the followers of Osman Digna. He was, however, abruptly recalled, and though Mr. Lane-Poole hints at military intrigue, he fails to get to the bottom of the mystery. "Drop and forget the whole business as quickly as you can," was the sage advice of Sir Lothian Nicholson. Palestine exploration, Oriental studies and authorship were among the activities of this indefatigable man, while at the St. Louis exhibition he converted the British section from a mud-pit into a garden. "Damn it, Colonel, take what you like," said a keen business American to our quietly tenacious Commissioner-General.

#### DARK DAYS IN INDIA.

Annesley of Surat. By Arnold Wright. Melrose. 10s. 6d. net.

THIS book inevitably contains more "times" than "life." With all his research in India Office records, Mr. Arnold Wright has not been able to find out much about Annesley of Surat. The story of his supposed disappearance and the fortune he was said to have left behind him is familiar enough through the Wesleys' numerous biographers; and in 'Hetty Wesley' Sir A. Quiller-Couch, it will be remembered, ingeniously converted him into a *jogi* or holy man. Mr. Arnold Wright, by quoting his will, proves conclusively that he did not disappear, and that he died in poverty after an arduous and anxious life. Annesley was just one of those much-enduring officials who served the East India Company in the dark days when the factories at Bombay and Surat lay at the mercy of the Moghul Emperors and the Mahrattas. On the Company's behalf he endured rigorous imprisonment, only to be dismissed from his office, presumably on a charge of private trading. With salaries of a few hundreds a year and temptation on all sides, the practice was, of course, very common, and the directors themselves often had fingers in the lucky bag. As an independent merchant, Annesley seems to have done well at one time, though the choice of Samuel Wesley as his agent was hardly felicitous, but the Mahratta raids brought him to penury. And that is about all that we know of him.

Annesley is used, therefore, by Mr. Arnold Wright as a peg on which to hang a picture of Western India at the end of the seventeenth and the beginning of the eighteenth century, and a sombre picture it is. The East India Company, with its eye on dividends, underpaid its officials; let the defences of the factories crumble away, and except for a spasm of energy under Sir Josiah Child, clung obstinately to a policy of peaceful penetrations. The Great Moghul's officers treated its agents, therefore, pretty much as Verres handled the wealthy Sicilians. They bled Annesley and his col-

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leagues without stint; if they were recalcitrant, a punitive expedition appeared before the crazy fortifications, and the British were clapped into fetters. And then there were pirates like Captain Avory and Captain Kidd in the offing, and Aurangzebe held the Company accountable for their depredations. Matters were certainly complicated in native eyes when Captain Kidd could produce the King's commission and fly the cross of St. George at his masthead. Add the cut-throat rivalry between the Company and the interlopers; between the old Company and the New, with Sir Nicholas Waite's betrayal of the cause by bribing the Moghul governor to keep his rival, Sir John Gayer, in prison, and it must be confessed that British influence had sunk about as low as it could. The officials quarrelled furiously, drank as furiously, and died of fever. A few honourable names emerge; probably Annesley's, and certainly Gayer's, and Sir William Norris's, though the last made a failure of his mission to the Great Moghul. But their precarious circumstances seem to have reduced most of the characters in this interesting book to the level of their surroundings. Yet they held on where men of other races would have deserted.

#### WAR PSYCHOLOGY.

*The Diary of a Dead Officer* (being the posthumous papers of Arthur Graeme West). Allen & Unwin. 5s. net.

THIS diary is of great psychological interest, and it is to be hoped that more of such material will be accumulated to remind posterity of what war means. West belonged temperamentally to the same type as certain German students who became so sick of slaughter that they would almost come up to the barbed wire to be shot. His mind was, it would seem, not particularly developed till he came to Balliol as a Blundell scholar and there reaped all the advantages which, as a former Master (Dr. Jenkins) once rudely remarked to a Blundell scholar, "are to be obtained from being allowed to associate with the other scholars of the College."

His mind grew slowly; he does not appear to have thought very seriously about theology until he was in the army, and we are told that he never did like Virgil. The horrors of war seem to have given him a far greater shock than they did to more mature intellectuals; for he had never taken the folly of the world for granted. All through Hamlet, Richard II, and other plays he must have read of a world in which to be too civilised is to lack armour against the success of thick-skinned brutality; but apparently this unpleasant reality was veiled for him at Balliol, and the bitterness of his writing about the stupidity of the military training in England and of a hospital he was in is partly due to the fact that he had succeeded up to 1915 in preserving not only his privacy, but also some odd delusions about humanity, although as time went on he began to make the necessary allowance for all the stupendous difficulties of the situation. But his book is typical enough of the British antipathy to the "German discipline" which, one of his superior officers told him, must be imitated to secure victory.

This led to his calling himself a pacifist. He was influenced by Mr. Bertrand Russell's works, but, like that author, seemed singularly ignorant of the forces that really impelled, or rather propelled, the German to fight till the bitter end. He did not read newspapers, and no other sort of information about the real objects of the war seems to have come in his way. The League of Nations propaganda was not very orthodox before April, 1917, when he died.

The few poems at the end of the book were well worth printing; and it is clear that he had not only an instinct for style, but was also a lucid thinker. The two following passages are well worth quoting for their truth and beauty:—

"The sunlight lay on the wet cobbles of the road as we came back, outlining all the horses and carts with watery gold. The bare trees against the almost colourless sky were exquisitely beautiful, and filled

me with an indefinable desire for something beyond, that, I remember, Mark Rutherford speaks of. It was not connected explicitly with the war or the chance of death; I have always felt it looking at such scenes, and then, with the possibility of speedy death before me, I understood more clearly than ever before that I had got from this particular impression all that could be got, that it was perfect, and could not by longer living be at all improved or developed. One's wonder at all these things, the forms of trees and the stars as I see them now at evening, is simply an elemental fact, permanently renewed and always mixed with that painful yearning that I felt then: it is a mistake to look for any enlightenment, or to expect a time when one will somehow 'understand it.' It is not intellectual."

The second passage deals with the fear of death not being intellectual:—

"In short, it was the animal that hated death and clung passionately to promise of life; the soul and the mind, save when more definitely animal, did not much repine. There were instants when all the pride of my flesh and the lust of my eye rose up in all their manifestations from highest to lowest, and willed majestically to live. Like Plato's many-headed monster, they were intensely vigorous, felt themselves supremely capable of action and sought only the opportunity."

His philosophy of happiness through love is eloquently expounded. How far such a philosophy will ever appeal to an uncivilised mind is very doubtful, especially when the rulers of the earth find it more convenient to excite and exploit quite other passions. It is tragic that West should not have lived to see his own philosophy at any rate win lip-service in the councils of the great; but his book will help on the great cause for which he died.

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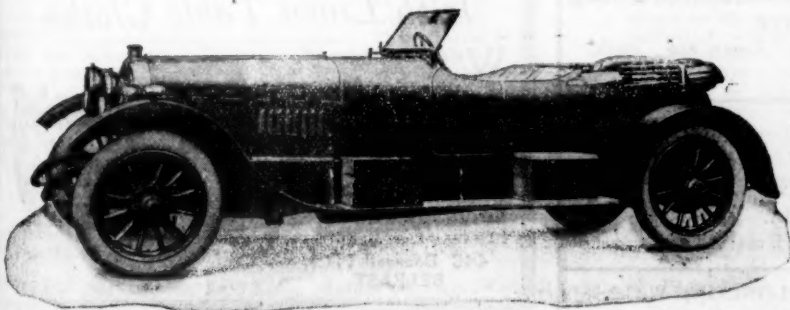
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2.—From this fundamental axiom, unquestionable and self-evident, flow naturally the following principles of action which it is the aim of the League to carry out.

3.—To bring the highest possible standard of thought to bear in a practical manner upon the present state of social and political questions; to educate public opinion to the imperative need for deep thinking as the accompaniment of freedom of speech in order to discriminate between the true liberty which is based upon justice and the well-being of the community, and the spurious liberty which, opposed to the welfare of democracy, leads to anarchy, disaster and

tyranny of a section, class, or individual over the rest of the population.

4.—To demand the highest possible standard of efficiency in administration of National affairs, Civil, Military, and Naval, and to insist upon the ruthless suppression, removal or punishment of inefficiency, incompetency, and delinquency in any department or person connected with State service.

5.—To raise to a high level of intellect and political insight the proceedings in Parliament and at parliamentary and municipal elections.

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## BOY SCOUTS EXPERIMENT

Evolution proceeds in accordance with natural laws, and human evolution must conform to the inexorable laws which govern production of vital energy. Just as it is impossible to get good results from an imperfect machine, so it is futile to expect a high type of mental and physical energy from an organism stunted and hampered by arrested development. The nation is now beginning to realise the paramount importance of promoting human energy as the foundation of national welfare and the first national asset. Sickness is not only costly, but prejudicial to the individual and the community—a fact which at last has been recognised by the State in expenditure of public money on national health education, and treatment of Consumption. This opens up an entirely new chapter in national history, for the expenditure of public money demands that the very best results be obtained at the least possible cost to the taxpayer. One of the activities of the League is in connection with National Health Education, the aim being to show that far more can be done in a shorter time than is possible with the methods at present prevailing in Sanatoria, Hospitals, and Schools.

For this purpose an experiment of a novel kind was carried out in the autumn of last year on a class of Boy Scouts, as recorded in *The Trail* (official organ of the London Scout Council), November, 1918.

Mr. Arthur Lovell, of the British National Evolution League, has been applying his principles on scientific breathing to a party of Holborn Scouts. The boys, selected quite promiscuously by Mr. E. Draper, Secretary of the Holborn Association, were first of all examined under the supervision of two War Office representatives on July 26, and on October 24 a further examination revealed an increase in the chest measurements varying from  $\frac{1}{4}$  of an inch to  $2\frac{1}{2}$  inches. The general appearance and alertness of the boys were also much improved. It is, unfortunately, the fact, that consumption in its numerous phases, is the scourge of our country, and Mr. Lovell's argument is that just as we can be taught to use our limbs properly so we can be instructed in the scientific manipulation of our lungs. Let any Scoutmaster observe the breathing of his boys, and he will be astonished to find how many are wheezy, stuffy, and spasmodic in the intake of air. What Mr. Lovell does is to remind us that Nature has provided a correct method of breathing, which, if it becomes habitual, will minimise, and even eliminate altogether, the risks of lung trouble.

It is possible that there is some connection between Mr. Lovell's views and the theory that great men have big noses. The ability to breathe properly may be as stimulating to the brain as it is to the body—and presently there may be a system of measuring mental and moral attributes by the nose just as we tabulate men by their finger prints. I can imagine the Chairman of the Local Association saying to the candidate for a Scoutmastership—"What sort of a nose have you got?" and really it will be as effective a test as many of those applied now. Napoleon is said to have chosen his Marshals for their big noses.

The original idea in requesting the War Office to examine a class of Boy Scouts was to prove what could be effected by a New Principle—Breathing combined with Poise of Body—in a very short time—two or three weeks—in developing the physique of youth and adult, and rapidly increasing vital energy. A cursory glance at the rising generation of to-day unmistakably reveals decidedly poor physique, a fact amply borne out by the preliminary physical examination of the Scouts by the War Office experts on July 26. A most minute and painstaking examination was made, 1½ hours being devoted to 12 boys. Out of this searching test the startling fact emerged that 5 out of the 12 had curvature of the spine, while the sixth was a very poor specimen. This means that practically 50 per cent. of ordinary lads to-day, and the same remark will apply to girls, are far below the standard of vigorous life. In a few years a large proportion of these young people will be consumptives. It is not necessary to point out what this implies to the State as a whole, from an economic and industrial standpoint. The question of Tuberculosis is a national problem.

The sole object of the experiment was to show in a practical manner that, apart from accidental or temporary considerations, the main and decisive factor in vigour and weakness has been entirely overlooked in the vain efforts to deal with effects, and not with causes. This decisive factor was clearly brought out in the Boy Scout experiment, though the conditions as to the boys' attendances and supervision were quite unfavourable. The two worst cases, as recorded in the first examination, gained in health, general appearance and chest measurement with remarkable rapidity and ease. This could be accounted for only on the principle underlying the experiment, for no attempt at supervision of diet and mode of living was possible.

## MINISTRY OF HEALTH

This year the League will carry out a similar experiment on a larger scale, with the object of demonstrating the real solution of the problem of Consumption and its prevention and treatment both at the patients' own homes and at Sanatoria. The Ministry of Health must make full use of its powers for the national welfare in the true scientific spirit of free and independent investigation. The following letter has appeared by courtesy of the various Editors in over a dozen of the leading provincial dailies, thus reaching a circle of from two to three million readers.

SIR,—Now that the Ministry of Health has come within the range of practical politics, it behoves all interested in the national welfare to insist upon what is absolutely essential to its success. Apart from its purely

administrative functions, the new Ministry must strike out a bold line which will do more real and lasting good to the health of the nation in a year than can now be hoped for in a generation. Parliament will have to ordain that a special, absolutely independent, and impartial tribunal be set up for the consideration and testing of any principle or method of treatment put forward in a responsible manner for the benefit of the nation. If this had been done in the past, the race would by now have reached a higher level of health, for experience shows that every new idea was violently opposed and progress thus retarded.

Yours, etc.,

ARTHUR LOVELL.

Jan. 7th, 1919.

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## THE CITY

Once again hope revives for holders of Mexican Government securities. The Under-Secretary of the Mexican Government is in New York negotiating. Mexico wants money, and as a preliminary to getting it the conversion of the existing external debt is under consideration. Interest payments on most of the best securities ceased in 1913, only a few hanging on until 1914. Holders have received no income for at least four or five years, though what will be the ultimate value of the unpaid coupons is a matter on which divergent opinions are held. All the leading stocks affected have risen appreciably in recent months, the average improvement being about 20 per cent. There may be a further advance, but present prices seem to discount the immediate probabilities, as the completion of the scheme for reorganising Mexican finances will occupy some months.

On the question of Railway nationalisation Mr. Cosmo Bonsor struck the right note at the meeting of the South Eastern and Chatham. He was optimistic, relying upon the good faith of the Government, and on the statements of public officials that the companies will receive equitable treatment. This is the correct attitude and the stock market should take note of it. At present quotations have an air of pessimism; increased dividends have aroused hardly a spark of interest. This suggests that stockholders expect to be badly treated; and if they do not set a fair value on their holdings how can they expect the State to take a higher view? Surely the best Home Rails are cheap when yielding 7 per cent. Even Oil shares do not give such a good return!

Trinidad leaseholds, the largest oil producer on Trinidad, has announced a maiden dividend of 10 per cent. The company is controlled by two South African finance houses and they are to be congratulated on having achieved greater success in Trinidad oil than any other organisation on the island. And evidently they are confidently expected to do better, judging from the current quotation of about 53s. Dividends of 25 per cent. must be forthcoming to justify this price.

The reduction in freight and insurance charges seems to imply a rather more favourable outlook for South African gold mining shares, and in this market Johannesburg Consolidated Investments appear to have good prospects as a lock-up, as the assets are undervalued in the present quotation of about 27s. for those shares.

In cases where irregularities have occurred in regard to the introduction of shares on the Stock Exchange or in the nature of the dealings, the Stock Exchange Committee now take disciplinary action by refusing to allow bargains done to be recorded. The intention and effect of this decision is to stop dealings altogether, because it is impossible to maintain a market in a share that may not be quoted. It is a pity when such action is taken that some arrangement cannot be made to safeguard the innocent individuals who have lately bought shares. Several instances can be given where dealings have been stopped in this way after a period of moderate activity during which the "shop" has been unloading shares of doubtful value through the Stock Exchange upon an unsuspecting public. The injustice of the ban on dealings is that these innocent purchasers are penalised by being prevented from selling their shares. If the committee is justified in stopping business it should endeavour also to find a way of cancelling bargains which should not have been allowed.

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## HOME AND COLONIAL STORES

THE TWENTY-FOURTH ORDINARY GENERAL MEETING of the Home and Colonial Stores, Ltd., was held on February 14th, at 2 and 4, Paul Street, Finsbury, E.C., Sir Charles E. G. Philipps, Bart. (Chairman of the company), presiding.

The Assistant Secretary (Mr. G. J. Faro), having read the notice convening the meeting and the report of the auditors.

The Chairman said: Ladies and Gentlemen,—The report and balance sheet have been in your hands for some days, and I presume that you will, as usual, take them as read. (Agreed). The difficulties and anxiety to which I referred a year ago were in no way diminished during the year under review. On the contrary, they were increased by the still further extension of registration and rationing. But the experience gained during these trying years, coupled with the continued loyal, efficient and harmonious co-operation of our staff, enabled us to cope with the additional problems as they arose from time to time, and the results are now before you.

## APPROPRIATION OF PROFITS.

The net profits for the year amounted to £235,650, making, with the balance of £53,687 brought forward from the previous year, a total of £289,337. After paying the usual quarterly dividends on the Six per Cent. Cumulative Preference shares and the Fifteen per Cent. Cumulative and Preference and Cumulative Ordinary shares, together with the interim dividend of 2s. per share on the "A" Ordinary shares, and adding a sum of £25,000 to reserve, there remains a sum of £130,737. The amount we propose to appropriate as follows:—(1) To the payment of a further dividend of 4s. per share on the "A" Ordinary shares (making 6s. per share for the year), £20,000; (2) to the company's sick fund, £2,000; (3) to special bonus for branch staff, £30,000; (4) to provide for income-tax, £12,000; (5) to carry forward £66,737 4s. 3d.—£130,737 4s. 3d. The dividend on the "A" Ordinary shares, I may say, is the same as last year. Our reserve funds now stand at £450,000, all of which is invested outside the business. In this connection I would draw your attention to the item on the credit side of the balance sheet, "Investments at cost, £419,029," the market value of which on the 28th December, 1918, was £409,511—a depreciation of about 2½ per cent. That speaks volumes for the soundness of our investments, especially when it is known that the greater portion is represented by redeemable securities, and that any depreciation is only a passing phase and should eventually disappear. With regard to the bonus of £30,000 to be distributed among the branch staff, it is a matter of no little satisfaction to the directors, as it must be to the shareholders also, that an arrangement of this kind has been instituted, whereby the services rendered by the entire staff in the branches throughout another year of continued strain can be recognised in a tangible way, and one which practically gives the recipients an individual interest in the prosperity of the company. (Applause).

## INCREASED FOOD SUPPLIES.

I said in my opening remarks that war conditions were likely to continue for some time to come, but already there are indications of food control being relaxed in one direction or another. The removal of food control generally, however, must of necessity be a gradual process, governed as it is by the supplies of the different commodities available. Just recently, rations of several foods have been increased, thus indicating that supplies are becoming more plentiful; but to increase rations is not going to benefit the poor if prices are not reduced at the same time. It is true that control of food in war-time, when supplies are short, prevents prices from rising, but, unfortunately, when supplies become plentiful prices are prevented from falling, whereas with a free market they undoubtedly would fall. The view has been expressed in some quarters that the longer the Government retain control of food the better it will be for the consumer. We do not share that view, believing as we do that only by the elimination of the Food Control and the restoration of competitive conditions, both in buying and selling, can prices come down to the lower level which, in view of the large stocks in the country and the increased shipping facilities, is justified. I cannot but think that reduced prices for food will go a long way towards allaying the prevailing industrial unrest, for although it is quite true that many sections of the working classes are getting high wages, there is a very large number who are not, and who must find it very difficult to live with the present high prices. You, as shareholders, and we, as directors, will gladly welcome this. It must not be overlooked, however, that a company such as ours, with its 800 branches, must carry certain stocks, and a reduction in prices will, for the time being, benefit us all as consumers rather than as shareholders. The balance-sheet is drawn up on the familiar lines, and there do not appear to be any items in it which call for comment. I shall, however, be glad to answer any questions. I now move: "That the directors' report and balance-sheet, now submitted, be and the same are hereby adopted; that a further dividend at the rate of 4s. per share on the "A" ordinary shares of the company be and the same are hereby declared payable; that a sum of £2,000 be appropriated to the company's sick fund; that a sum of £30,000 be appropriated for the payment of a bonus to the branch staff; that a sum of £12,000 be appropriated to provide for income-tax; and that the sum of £66,737 4s. 3d. be carried to the next account." I will call upon Mr. Emery to second the resolution.

Mr. H. G. Emery (one of the managing directors) seconded the motion.

Questions were invited by the Chairman, but none were asked, and he thereupon put the resolution, which was carried unanimously.

## SOUTH EASTERN AND CHATHAM RAILWAY

## MR. COSMO BONSOR ON NATIONALISATION.

A JOINT GENERAL MEETING of the proprietors of the South-Eastern and London Chatham and Dover Railway Companies was held on the 18th inst., at Cannon Street Hotel, Mr. H. Cosmo Bonsor (Chairman of the Managing Committee) presiding.

The Secretary (Mr. Charles Sheath) read the notice.

The Chairman said: In reviewing the past year he must naturally allude to the relations between the directors and officers and labour, and he was thankful to say they were not an unhappy family. The directors and officers had complete confidence in the common sense of their employees, and he thought the latter had confidence in the common sense of the directors and officers should any difference arise. They had completed arrangements with their locomotive staff for making a pension fund, which had now been established on a contributory basis and would be worked by a joint committee of officers and employees. The decrease of some 20,000 tons in the output of Kent coal was not due to any falling off of the material itself, for the coal seams were good and the coal was there, but was simply in consequence of the men being required by the War Office and the Navy and the short labour supply. With regard to the future of Richborough, the port had been handed over by the War Office in the interests of demobilisation to the Managing Committee for supervision and control. This port commenced with a small wharf on the River Stour, and had gradually developed into a very large undertaking. Where formerly only marsh land existed there was to-day a thriving port, hard at work, full of buildings and with plenty of craft, and it might interest shareholders to know that the whole of the craft which was being worked across the Channel—with the exception of the ferry boats, which were run by oil—was worked by Kent coal. (Applause.)

As to the future of the railways, during the four and a-half years in which they had been under control everything upon which railway prosperity depended had increased in price. Speaking the other day in the House of Commons, Mr. Lloyd George said it was a great mistake to imagine that there was an inexhaustible reservoir of profit which could be dipped into at any moment, and he added that there was no better illustration of this than the railways, which at the beginning of the war were making an annual profit of 50 millions sterling—producing an average dividend of something under 4 per cent.—but which, owing to the rise in wages, materials, etc., had had to meet an increased expenditure of 90 millions per annum, so that the whole of the 50 millions had disappeared and there was a deficit of 40 millions on the working of the railways. Mr. Lloyd George went on to ask, How is the future of the railways to be financed? Unfortunately, he did not give an answer to that question. In the middle of a contested election Mr. Winston Churchill had declared that the Government had made up their minds to nationalise the railways, but it was well to take the utterances of a gentleman who was standing for Parliament with the usual "grain of salt"—(laughter)—and he (the Chairman) did not think that on the strength of that remark they could take the whole Government as being pledged to nationalisation. Mr. Bonar Law, however, had informed the chairmen of the big railways that the present control would continue for 2½ years after the war. That practically meant that the dividends of these two companies would remain very much the same—at least, he hoped so—for the year 1919 and 1920 and the greater part of 1921. Practically that was all they knew. Shareholders had written him saying they could not understand the apathy of shareholders at the moment and their doing nothing, and he presumed that those gentlemen expected the companies to start some sort of agitation over some sort of treatment which they did not know was going to happen.

In his humble judgment railway shareholders had nothing to fear. The Act of 1844, under which the railways were built and the proprietors invested their money, created machinery for the nationalisation of any particular railway—twenty-five years' purchase of the net income, with an arbitration clause with regard to anything that might be brought in outside that particular compensation. That, on the whole, he took it, would be a very good bargain for the shareholders if it were carried out. At any rate they would have no reason to grumble, because they invested their money under that Act. Possibly Mr. Churchill had in his mind some sort of amended 1844 Act. The Act of 1871, under which the present control arrangement was made, contained clauses for the compensations of railways in the event of damage being done during the period of control, and personally he considered the shareholders were amply protected under that Act. Beyond that it had never been the practice of a British Government or Parliament to do anything in the nature of confiscation, and notwithstanding the fear that they were going possibly to lose a certain amount of their money, he thought they might all have confidence that the traditions of Parliament, in addition to the speeches of our public men who had spoken on the subject, were amply sufficient to justify them in having every confidence that they would receive equitable treatment in the event of nationalisation or of the railways being put under a further system of control. (Applause.)

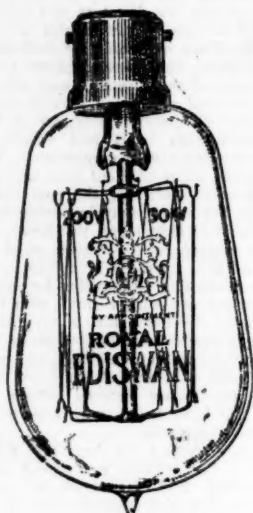
Presiding at the meeting of the South-Eastern Railway Company, Mr. Cosmo Bonsor said that in every item of the big figures contained in the accounts a slight improvement was shown, and in regard to the dividend he was glad to say that they had got back to their 1913 rate, and were able also to carry £15,000 to the general reserve fund.

The report and accounts were unanimously adopted and the dividends recommended were declared.

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